JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 20, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1266.
Vol. XLVIII.

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EXTENSION Ladders, suitable for all trades, also householders. Lowest prices. Price list free.—Metcalfe, Lamb & Co., Hartlepool.

WRITE for the beautiful Catalogue of "FULLOTONE" GRAMOPHONES, obtainable on easy terms and offered on this page.

DO not overlook DRAGE'S 22nd Birthday Celebration Offer on page 28. A voucher value £5 appears in the advt. A free Catalogue is also offered, and will be forwarded to readers filling in the coupon.

A STOP-WATCH is better than an ordinary Pocket Watch, and you can now obtain the famous "Record" Stop Watch for 1/- down. Accept the offer of G. Weber, whose advertisement appears at the head of page opposite.

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A PIANO or ORGAN is offered in the CRANE advt. on page 28. Write for the free Catalogue No. 240 for particulars of easy payment terms.

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A FREE copy of an interesting book will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the "PHYLLOSAN" advt. on page 20.

A FREE Booklet is offered in the "VASELINE" advt. on page 26. Simply send coupon.

READERS filling in the coupon in the SAVORY & MOORE advt. on page 4 can obtain a free sample of DR. JENNER'S ABSORBENT LOZENGES, an effective remedy for INDIGESTION.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Probe, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO Gift Catalogues and Free Coupons are offered by two Cigarette firms in this issue. See the "BLACK CAT" advt. on page 4 and "PRIVATE SEAL" on page 16.

WRITE at once for the free WATCH BOOK offered in the BRAVINGTON advt. on page 27. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

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in
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Winner of 1st Prize of £100: Mrs. Quirke, The Red Cow House, Westerham, Kent. The Prize of £10 has been awarded to Mrs. S. M. Parker, Chapel Terrace, Lr. Odcombe, Somerset.

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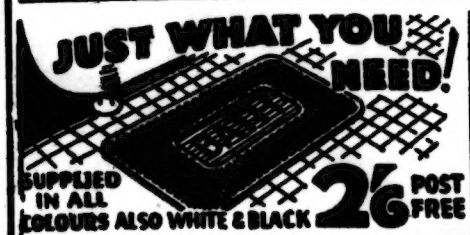

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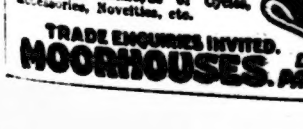

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Double Bed Size. Made for lasting wear. Complete Bale for

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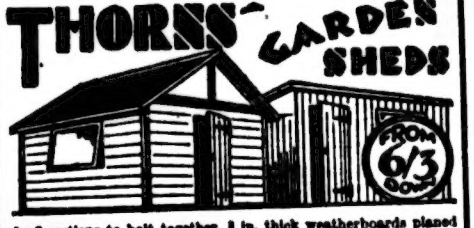

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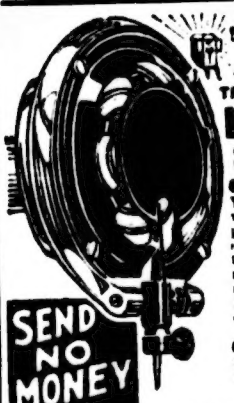

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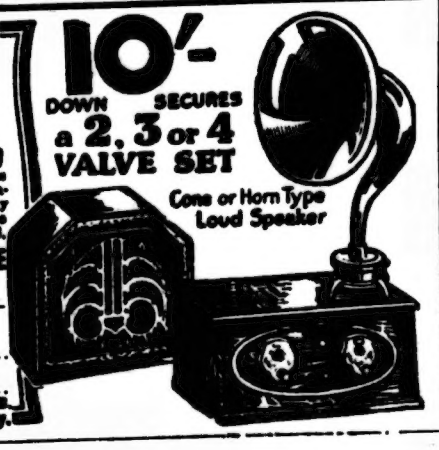

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MORE POSTAL BARGAIN OFFERS appear on PAGE 12

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For the People— —the Right to Justice and Truth

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Sept. 20, 1930. Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

THE Prime Minister's visit to the King at Balmoral Castle during his holiday is going to get him into trouble with some of his wilder Left Wing followers.

They are going to bring up the matter at the Labour Party Conference next month, and charge him with hobnobbing with Royalty.

But if they take this course they will be acting in ignorance of the facts.

Also they will play into the hands of certain Tory newspaper peers, who are making much of the visit in the hope of causing any sort of embarrassment to the Premier.

Actually, Mr. MacDonald received a summons to attend. It is one of the duties of a Prime Minister to discuss affairs of State from time to time with the Sovereign.

* * *

If the Labour Party Conference takes a sensible view it will feel pride in the fact that the man whom the King called into consultation at Balmoral was *their* man and not Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Lloyd George.

This is not the first time that the so-called Labour rebels, by attacking their leaders, have allowed themselves to be used as the tools of the proprietors of the millionaire Tory Press.

Red ruffians

British Communists have orders to create unprecedented scenes at the Labour Party Conference at Llandudno next month.

They will attempt to enter the hall in disguise, and, failing this, they will attempt to approach the leading delegates, particularly members of the Government, in the street outside.

Their plans are known, however, to the conference officials, and strong precautions will be taken.

Seamen's charter

The announcement just made that the twenty-nine seafaring nations have unanimously signed the report of the International Load-Line Convention gives us every satisfaction.

For years JOHN BULL pleaded that load-lines should be regulated the world over, and that there should be better protection of deck-openings and strict enforcement of the law.

All these reforms are recommended in the report, which is virtually a twentieth-century charter to seamen.

We hope that more will be heard about it at the League of Nations Conference at Lisbon on October 10, and that Britain will be the first to ratify and honour the recommendations.

Clearing the decks

In anticipation of serious railway trouble in the winter, it is probable that a railway leader will be chosen as the next chairman of the Trades Union Congress.

The selection will be made on September 24, and the names of Mr. John Bromley, of the "Loco" men, and Mr. A. G. Walkden, of the Railway Clerks, are being mentioned.

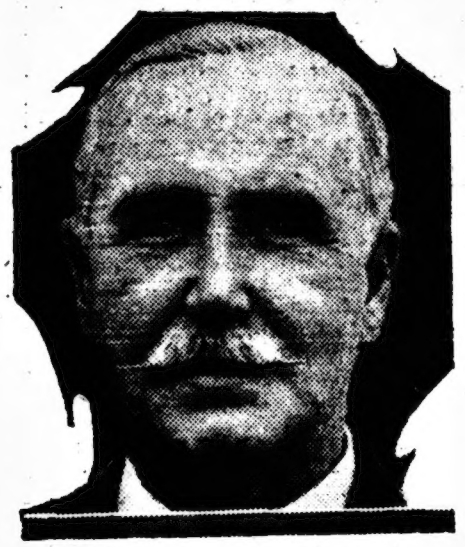
When the truce ends in the late autumn, the unions will submit demands for increases in certain grades, while the companies will produce counter-proposals for reductions.

Negotiations are going to be extremely delicate. Every ounce of tact, as well as a feeling that the men are getting a straight deal, will be needed if trouble is to be avoided.

"Mac" and the Sand-baggers

New Broom for New York

Snowden's Mountainous Task



Mr. John Bromley may be the next T.U.C. chairman

A new broom

When Mr. Gerald Campbell succeeds Sir Harry Armstrong as British Consul-General to the United States we sincerely hope that he will carry to New York that sorely needed new broom.

Sir Harry Armstrong is an old man, and his tenure of office has been twice extended.

He is very popular with Americans, who would, undoubtedly, like him to remain considerably longer.

* * *

But what is needed at New York is a young, energetic man who will cultivate the interests of British subjects, and keep, among other things, a strict eye on that human plague-spot called Ellis Island.

If he can earn American affection at the same time, neither we nor the British colony will complain.

Snowden's dilemma

Mr. Snowden will soon be wishing that he had imposed his promised tax on land-values.

Revenue last week was down by nearly £2,000,000, while expenditure, compared with the corresponding week of last year, had risen by a million and a half.

It becomes increasingly obvious that there will be a big deficit to face next Budget Day.

Strange

The British Army is to be supplied with 240,000 lb. of British-grown tea at 9½d. a lb. At the same time, workhouses buy their tea at 1s. 6d. a lb. upwards.

But it must not be imagined that the tea-lover has a better drink in the workhouse than the Army. Although it pays considerably less, the War Office obtains a superior article direct from the producers.

The Poor Law institutions purchase their requirements, usually a blend of British and foreign teas, from home dealers.

It's all very strange. Another little "drink" enquiry wouldn't do us any harm.

Italy's air mail

Italy, as we predicted weeks ago, is almost ready to spring the next big air-development surprise.

This is the regular speeding-up of trans-Atlantic mails by transferring them from Italian liners west of Gibraltar and carrying them by air to Genoa.

Last week successful experiments were carried out from the inward-bound *Conte Biancamanc*. Two days were saved.

Is this justice?

When the Lord Chancellor receives a deputation from the London Chamber of Commerce he will be told bluntly why litigation is drying up and many lawyers on the verge of bankruptcy.

What is he going to do about it?

The people cannot afford to go to law—even when their rights are threatened. In fact, whatever the theory, the King's subjects have no longer free and reasonable access to His Majesty's Courts of Justice.

A man who had to carry to the High Courts a petti-fogging dispute about a land boundary was awarded £5 damages for trespass, and had to pay £420 costs!

Justice is impossible under such circumstances. What is Lord Sankey going to do about it?

Eyes off, Uncle Sam!

More may be heard shortly of the amazing claims of the United States to the territories comprising the extreme north of the American Continent.

These claims are openly advocated by members of the United States Government, and they affect immense semi-arctic lands now administered by Canada.

The important role they are likely to play in the development of air-communications between America and Europe has suddenly drawn attention to their value.

We hope this piece of American impudence will receive summary treatment at the hands of the Imperial Government.

Passed to you, please

The round-table India Conference is due to take place this autumn, but it is highly probable that it will be postponed, or its real business delayed, until after Christmas.

Even the most die-hard element in the Opposition is eager that the Labour Government should remain in office during the fateful meeting, a factor that has withheld the forcing of a General Election before 1931.

The Conservatives most certainly do not want the onus of office where it involves the handling of the grave Indian problem.

But we will say this for Mr. MacDonald: he is not scared of it.

Moving in the dark

We hear much of food-taxes, but it is time we heard something of our commercial treaties with foreign Powers. Many of these treaties forbid us taxing imported food from various countries—as in the Rumanian and Argentine agreements.

Some forty or fifty of these commercial treaties are already in existence, and they represent a problem which needs grave consideration before we can talk about changes in our fiscal policy.

Let us have more light on this question, upon which our trade and industry so largely depend just now.

If others can do it . . .

In several European countries it is a criminal offence for a director of a public company to borrow money from his concern.

In this country it seems to be the thing to do. Directors figure as debtors for large amounts.

But legislation should be passed making such borrowing an offence. A smart rap over the knuckles in some cases of which we know would help to restore public confidence.

More good news

Work will be found for from fifteen to twenty thousand men when the new Ford works at Dagenham are completed.

Almost a complete new town will have to be built to accommodate the workers and their families. A railway and deep-water wharf will be constructed.

Lancashire's chance

While Lancashire colliery-owners are moving steadily towards improved organisation and selling plans, many of the cotton firms remain apathetically at the cross-roads.

The time is ripe for a big forward drive. Raw cotton prices are a penny per pound lower than before the war, owing to the prospect of a huge American crop.

The Cotton Corporation, as we have previously indicated, has shown the way to cheaper production of standard lines by big-scale organisation. The Government has sent an expert mission to study Far Eastern markets.

More voluntary mergers are now needed if the tide of prosperity is to be caught on the turn.

Very dry rot

The Westminster City Council moves in a wondrous way its mysteries to perform.

On another page we reveal how an aged veteran of two wars and his wife are to be thrown on the street because they committed the crime of keeping a pet dog.

And what about this?

On and after January 1, 1931, tenants of the basement tenements belonging to the council will not be permitted linoleum on the floors. Those who have laid it down must remove it.

The council is terribly afraid of dry rot setting in. Rot is just the word we ourselves should have selected.

We don't forget

Whenever JOHN BULL or anybody else attacks bad conditions in an industry there are always those who insist that if anything effective is done to remedy things the industry will perish.

The fight over lead-poisoning, for instance, and the doleful prophecies of those who resisted preventive measures, has been forgotten.

But here is a reminder of what has been the sequel. Not only has the industry survived, but the number of cases of poisoning reported in 1929 was only 14, compared with 200 in 1900.

A parson with "pep"

Here's another smack in the eye for the "too old at forty" fanatics.

Retiring from business at the age of *sixty*, Mr. Henry Willet Haynes went straight to college, was ordained, became a curate at Eastbourne, and is now going to reopen a tumbledown London church that has been closed for five years.

He believes that he can build up a big new congregation. So do we.

Taxi or ambulance?

The Morley (Leeds) Town Council deserves a big kick in the conscience.

It has just passed a resolution providing that unless the fee for the public ambulance is paid on the nail you cannot have it.

Fancy denying help to poor folk (and Morley is full of them) just because they cannot afford the 5s. for transport to the hospital.

Observe the decencies, gentlemen!

Somebody's sons

Six hundred new names are being carved on the panels of the Menin Gate at "Wipers."

They are those of British officers and men whose deaths in action in the Ypres salient have been established since the Gate was opened.

Britain owns a fifth of the globe, but here is a little "corner of a foreign field that is for ever England" that means more to thousands at home than the whole Empire.

Hill 60 scandal

The prompt steps taken to prevent the exploitation of Hill 60, the scene of the fiercest British fighting in the war, will meet with high national approval.

When Major-General Sir Fabian Ware, vice-chairman of the War Graves Commission, left for Belgium, it was clear that the digging up of the sacred ground had no official sanction.

Mr. J. J. Calder, who bought and presented the ground to the Commission, knew nothing of the matter.

We trust the Belgian Government will deal with the desecrators.

Why Shylock laughs

Hundreds are still being ruined by rapacious moneylenders. All because the Act devised to protect the public is so slovenly constructed.

It mentions 48 per cent. as a standard rate of interest, but fails to fix even that high figure as a legal maximum.

A lender, you see, can increase the rate as he pleases, subject only to its being reduced in a court of law. And many of them secure fabulous payment and keep out of litigation by methods akin to blackmail.

The Act should never have got through in this fuddled state, and steps must be taken to amend it.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—*Continued*

Does Mr. Roberts know?

Anxious, for the benefit of our readers, to learn its policy in regard to a certain type of case, we addressed a polite query to the Ministry of Pensions last April.

Our letter was ignored, and *four* separate reminders since have met with the same fate.

Does Mr. Roberts know that this sort of thing goes on within the Ministry?

That T.U.C. slip

The Trade Union Congress went off the rails badly when it insisted that pensions for all workers at sixty should be demanded.

"He couldn't retract"

Mr. Bevin, who had originally suggested sixty-five, probably accepted the lower age for tactical reasons, but he could not retract his warning that no Chancellor could find the money even with five years knocked off.

Yet the General Council will have to make a pretence of pressing for these pensions when the resolution is formally presented to the Government.

And that sort of thing is not good for the prestige of either the movement or its leaders.

The public first

Our good contemporary, the *Investors' Chronicle*, chides us for our recent observations on the home rail stock slump. It asks us why we do not temper our "indiscreet" remarks with some constructive criticism.

Our conscience is clear. We have never ceased to offer constructive advice to our great rail executives.

We foretold the coming of the present severity in road competition. We begged the railways to awaken from their heavy torpor induced by generations of absolute monopoly. We urged them to rise up and meet the new conditions of the age.

We shall never be a friend to inefficiency. As with our respected contemporary, our duty lies with the public.

Urgent enquiry

We should like to know what is being done at Abingdon with reference to the borough buildings.

For some time there have been allegations of borough contracts being carried out by a firm, the responsible head of which is a member of the town council.

Even if this person be asked to resign it is still unfair that his firm should carry on the work.

Further, we suggest that, in the interests of clean municipal government, the full facts should be put before the public.

Easy money

The British Accident Legal Protection Association, of 4, Evelyn Road, Richmond, Surrey, believes in small profits and quick returns.

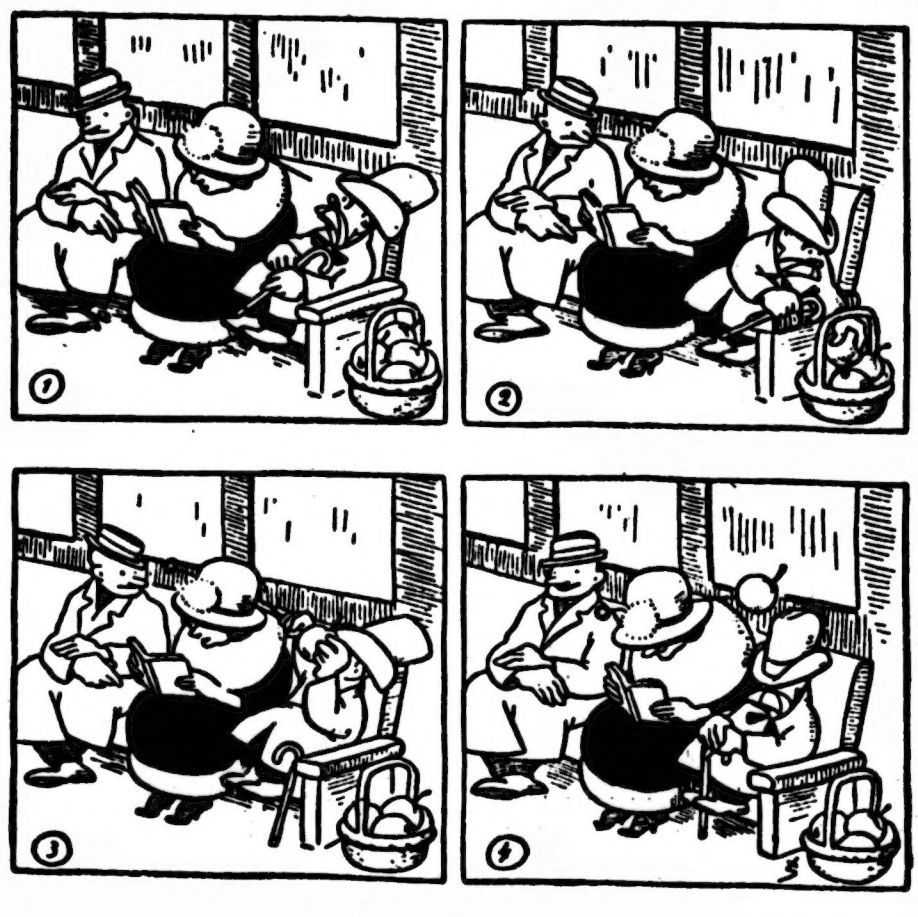
It asks for only 1s. a year (or at least W. Welchman, the head and fount of the association, does), and guarantees you legal advice and assistance galore.

Every year he comes round for his shilling. It's easy money, and it mounts up. Keep it in your pocket.

Garden City

Following our article of August 30—"An Impudent Garden City Scheme"—we are informed by Major A. E. Y. Trestrail, of the firm of Messrs. Moore, Vicary and Trestrail, solicitors, that Gerald Trafford Hewitt, the originator of the Hampshire Town Planning and Garden Cities Society, has resigned the organising secretaryship of the society, and will have no connection whatever with the financial side of the scheme.

ADAMSON'S—*—Apple*



"Maggie" in a maze

Miss Bondfield's plan for spreading the burden of unemployment insurance by compelling certain classes of workers not normally subject to unemployment to pay contributions will be promptly nipped in the bud at the Labour Party Conference next month.

Ask him?

She will be told that her scheme is nothing but a tax on the workers, and that if extra money is needed it must be found by the community at large—that is, out of the general State revenue.

But Mr. Snowden says she cannot have it that way, so what is "Maggie" to do about it? Perhaps Sir Oswald Mosley will supply the solution.

Good out of evil

There are men in this country who, ironically enough, have the tragedy of unemployment to thank for their living.

While reductions in the Army and Navy have meant staff-cutting at the War Office and Admiralty, the growth of unemployment has found the employment exchanges understaffed, and there have been transfers instead of dismissals.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Unpaid shop spies

London members of the Shop Assistants' Union have been collecting evidence regarding shops employing staff and remaining open long after hours, in contravention of the Shops Act.

Cases have been reported to the Shops Inspector, and official action has been taken.

We are not sure that we quite like this form of private spying by individuals, but it does show that the Shop Assistants' Union has some real, live members.

If they had a few more, Miss Bondfield would, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, make a bold attempt to improve their conditions generally.

Twisters

Certain public work contractors are complaining that bribery is making it difficult to secure business. They have decided to launch a concerted campaign against the evil.

The members of the Sand and Ballast Association are taking the lead. They complain that those who are giving their customers a straight deal are suffering, cut out of the market by those delivering short weight and making it up with corrupt gifts.

JOHN BULL has exposed this sort of thing time and again. We hope this new offensive will not end in talk.

Impudent impersonation

In our issue of July 26 last we spoke, under the heading "A 'Fashion-Plate' Forger," of the activities of a rogue who used the alias of "Robert Eric William Wharton."

He was also impudently using the name of the well-known and highly respected Birmingham citizen, "Mr. F. W. Perkin."

It has been pointed out to us that our article gave the impression that his real name was "Perkin," whereas the fact is he was evidently using it in order to give the necessary confidence for carrying out his nefarious practices.

We hasten to inform our readers of the fact, and tender to Mr. F. W. Perkin our sincere apologies for not making the fact abundantly clear.

STILL ALIVE *and* KICKING!

by Field-Marshal VISCOUNT ALLENBY

"We can bravely look..

THE Imperial Conference will meet in London on September 30, and matters of great moment will be debated, with resulting decisions which may notably affect the future of the Empire.

Our Empire came out from the ordeal of the World War triumphant in achievement, proud in statesmanship and exalted in prestige. In subsequent negotiations the influence of Great Britain was predominant. Her vision was uniformly clear, her judgment well balanced.

Her solidarity, built upon the loyalty—to her and to one another—of the Imperial Group of Nations, enabled her to withstand unshaken the hurricane blasts which threatened the unity of the Allied and Associated Powers in their endeavours to restore the crumbled fabric of civilisation.

It was her self-possession and her courage in those difficult days that made feasible the inauguration of the League of Nations—now firmly established and growing in efficiency as Guardian of the World's Peace.

This is the indisputable record of our people. We have shouldered every one of our responsibilities; we have raised to their feet our weaker friends; we have been true to the obligations assumed on the day when we first drew the sword in defence of right.

A double call

A NEW generation is growing to maturity. Babes of the war-time are already young men and young women. Age is tired and youth is impatient.

Though many of the bright hopes which encouraged us to endure the cruelties of war have been dashed; though the anticipated rewards of victory have not fulfilled expectations, disappointment must not lead to despair.

The old have it, as a duty, to throw off their weariness; the young to curb their impatience and to join in working with energy and application to make better what is still a very good world.

The British Empire, pre-eminent by reason of its vastness, its wealth and the variety of its connections, attracts the gaze of all. Anything affecting the Empire reacts on the rest of the world, and is the subject of discussion and comment in all lights and from every point of view.

Criticism is always free and often severe; admiration is diluted with envy; appreciation mingled with misrepresentation.

Our country has for so long a period held a leading position that she has incurred a more than ordinary amount of the jealousy which success inspires in the bosoms of the less fortunate.

Shall do it again

GREAT BRITAIN has not been unused to periods of crisis. From every test and trial Great Britain has emerged, her head "bloody but unbowed," with courage unabated and nerve unshaken.

Our present difficulties are in no way more serious than those which have been successfully encountered and overcome in the past; though perhaps they are wider in scope, and we may, perforce, be longer in dealing with them.

Looking back on the Napoleonic wars in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century, we are reminded that, though the year 1815 saw the end of that colossal struggle, for a long period ensuing the aftermath was being reaped and the "Starving Forties" are historical.

It may be that for some years yet to come we cannot find an issue from the embarrassments which the Great War has bequeathed to us; but we may take cheer in the knowledge that we have made and are making progress, and with determination we shall win through.

Crumbling—?

CRITICS abroad and at home have been suggesting that the British race shows symptoms of decay; that our grip of affairs is relaxing.

They say that the Empire is slowly dissolving owing to lack of leadership and of inspiration to keep it together; that we are losing the pioneering spirit; that emigration figures are dropping; that the "dole" and other social evils are undermining the national character.

The question has undoubtedly come to the fore a good deal of late, and it is widely discussed on all sides by those who wish us well, as by those who do not.

We ourselves have done much to encourage the feeling and belief by the publicity we have given to our anxiety with regard to economic conditions.

A besetting fault of the English—a fault less noticeable in the Scot, the Irish and the Welsh—is introspection inducing self-belittlement. The fault, serious in the individual, is dangerous in a nation; for outsiders accept the attitude as a confession of conscious inferiority.

But, in reality, if we look round and examine the actual situation dispassionately and without prejudice, where do we find ground for apprehension, where do we meet with signs that our Empire is menaced with dissolution?

The wholehearted loyalty to which various units of the Empire gave proof in the Great War has lasted well through the stresses of Peace.

More truly united

THE nations, component parts of the Empire, each independent yet all interdependent, knit together by bonds invisible, intangible but real, form a coherent group more truly united than was ever the case before the war cemented their unity.

Their imperial business is now the business of us all, and it is unreservedly discussed and transacted in conformity with the interests of each one and of everyone. Moreover, closer acquaintance and freer intercourse bring about a wider mutual understanding and respect.

In our own islands, the physical and mental requirements of the rising generation are receiving closer attention, and the young citizens are carefully educated to take their place as helpful members of the community.

The results are satisfactory: and already, despite the loss of good stock resultant on the casualties of war, general improvement is visible.

Money is being more liberally spent on education; wages have risen; life is easier; sport and outdoor amusements have been brought within the reach of the multitude with beneficial results to the people's health; the consumption of alcohol is less, and the nation is sober without compulsion.

Those of us who were familiar with conditions existing in this country before the war can note with pleasure the improvement in appearance, intelligence and happiness to be seen throughout the land

. . . the whole world in the face"

It may be that emigration figures are dropping. There are obvious reasons why this should be so. Formerly, pressure of poverty drove many abroad to find better living in a new land. Improved standards of living at home have eliminated this urge.

Another reason is that countries with space for emigrants are now very particular and strict in selection of newcomers.

As for the "dole," unemployment is not peculiar to this country. Everywhere is to be found economic depression, and nearly every nation has its unemployment problem to solve in its own way.

Worldwide trade depression cannot be got rid of in a few months; its beginning is difficult to foresee, and its end impossible to forecast, but signals are reported which may indicate recovery in prospect.

It should be borne in mind that depression is no more permanent than prosperity.

But for trade to expand it is necessary that confidence, now apparent in the persistent strength of the sterling, the value of the pound, is well maintained, and gilt-edged securities are buoyant.

Brimming with life

WE are still the richest country in Europe. Our credit is high. We are the only nation that has paid its way, the only one paying 20s. in the pound of its debts.

Our record is not one to be ashamed of; we can bravely look the whole world in the face.

The Empire is in good case, and Britain, heart of the Empire, pulsates with life.

The very political controversies vexing our minds to-day go to show that interest in national and imperial affairs is robust and intelligent.

The coming together of our peoples has put an end to parochial politics, and the fortunes of the Empire are safe in the hands of her sons who have faith in the future.

Strong in faith and upheld by the courage which only faith can create, we will convince the world that our race has proved itself to be sounder than ever before.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

HANG IT ALL!

The Point about Mrs. Pither—Should Parsons Organise?—Bravo, the Bee Kin!

The Rev. JAMES BARR, M.P.,
Motherwell

DEAR SIR,—Well, you have done your job on the Select Committee on Capital Punishment. And few will quarrel with the proposal you make that the death penalty shall be in abeyance for a period of years.

No humane person wants the State to kill if it is not absolutely necessary. Nor is it likely that many potential murderers will postpone the deed until the experimental period is over.

We shall be able to prove the theory that capital punishment does not deter. If the murder rate is unaltered, or if it falls, the death penalty will be abolished. If it rises, the abolition campaign will collapse.

For those who hold that in no case must the State take life are a very small minority.

Meanwhile, a few hangmen will be out of a job while the rope is locked up in the safe. I do not shed any tears.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. K. C. RAY CHAUDHURI,
Bengal Legislative Council

DEAR SIR,—It is gratifying to find you, a Labour Member of the largest provincial Legislature in India, speaking with no uncertain voice in this country on "India's Debt to England."

You make it clear that the best elements in Indian politics appreciate all that is owed to British rule in India.

Your bold declaration should prove a powerful antidote to the poisonous propaganda which holds Britain up to obloquy as an oppressor of India.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. B. LEES SMITH, M.P.,
Postmaster-General

DEAR POSTMASTER,—I understand that your accounts for the year 1929-30 show a deficit of about three-quarters of a million pounds on the telegraph service.

In seeking means to popularise the telegraphs, it does not seem to have occurred to you to reduce the tariff.

Many people who used the telegraph freely when the minimum charge was sixpence would do so again but for the prohibitive charge of a shilling.

And, by the way, what about that penny post?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FRANK VOSPER,
56, Ebury Street, London, S.W.

DEAR MR. VOSPER,—Shake hands! I know there will be those who will sneer that it was fine publicity for an actor and playright to pay Mrs. Pither's £50 fine, but treat them with the contempt they deserve.

Mrs. Pither or no Mrs. Pither, it is a scandalous thing that a price should be put on freedom, making one law for the rich and another for the poor.

As you say, who is to say that three months, or even three days, of anybody's time is worth so much money? Those deserving jail should be jailed. Those meriting fines should be fined.

The option is both un-British and undemocratic. It hits the poor and helps the rich. It must go.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. R. A. JARDINE.
St. Paul's Vicarage, Darlington

REV. SIR,—I am not altogether enamoured of your plea for a trade union for parsons.

Trade unions came into existence to combat oppression by bad masters. I have always understood that parsons claim to be servants of God.

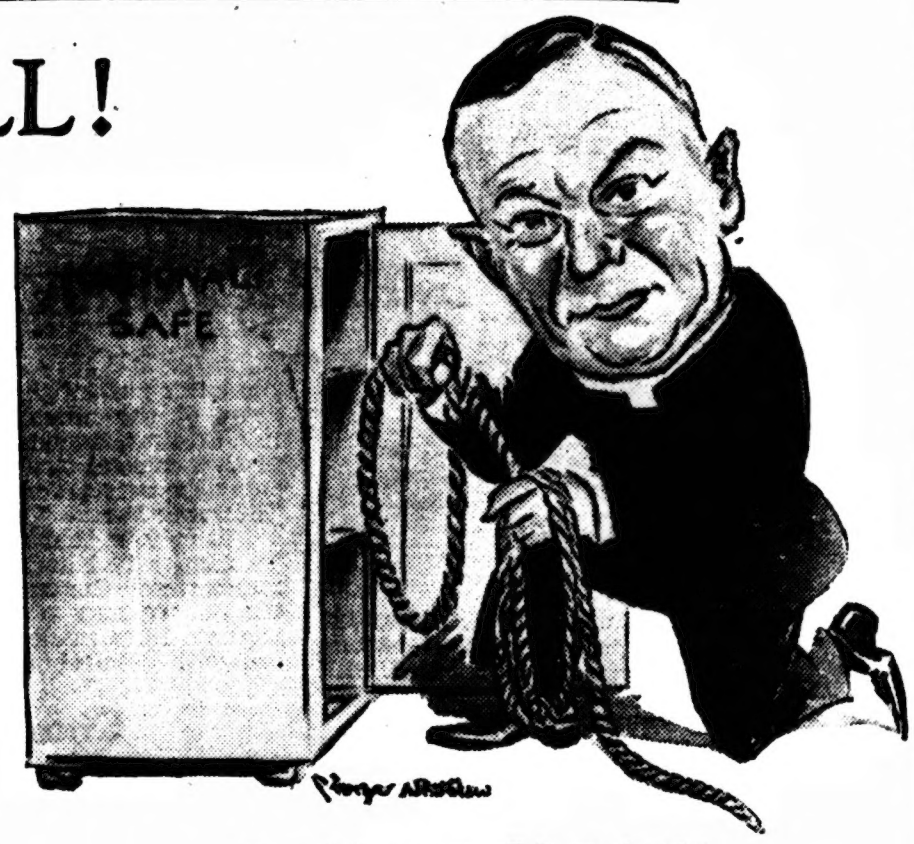
You complain that the clergy never go on strike, suffer humiliation, never strike back, turn the other cheek, and so on.

If that is so, they are merely following the example of their Divine Master.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS MYERSCOUGH,
9, Langho Street, Blackburn

DEAR HERO,—The fact that you have only one good arm (the other having been shattered by shrapnel during the war) did not deter you from diving, fully clothed, into 7 ft. of filthy water, when you heard that a ten-year-old boy was drowning in the local canal.



". . . A few hangmen will be out of a job"

Having with great difficulty swum 30 yards and rounded a large hoarding which projects on the canal, you caught hold of the lad and pushed him to safety.

In publicly rewarding your gallantry, the Mayor of Blackburn applauded your courage. I am proud to associate myself with his remarks.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD PASSFIELD,
Secretary for the Colonies

MY LORD,—The public is perturbed by the case of Mr. Tom Boevey Barrett, a former British Army officer, who has just been granted a free pardon after serving a sentence of three years' penal servitude for alleged fraud.

Twice his efforts to appeal were frustrated, and later the Privy Council rejected his appeal, yet now he is granted a full pardon with monetary compensation.

It is obvious that a serious miscarriage of justice must have occurred, but I do not like the secrecy with which the proceedings which led to the granting of a pardon are enshrouded. Who is being shielded?

JOHN BULL.

Major KINGSFORD-SMITH,
Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly, W.

DEAR MAJOR,—It is dreadfully hard luck that your doctor has banned your flying unless your health improves.

Your three great years of pioneer long-distance flying have left their mark. And you are right to yield to your doctor's advice and give up the solo flight to Australia.

Well, you are to be married in Australia during October, and that will do very much to console you.

But everybody will be with me in hoping that when next you go to your doctor, he will withdraw the ban.

JOHN BULL.

GENERAL DAWES,
U.S.A. Embassy, Grosvenor Gdns. S.W.

DEAR GENERAL,—I wish you would pass on the word to those American publicists—newspaper proprietors and Congressmen—who are conducting anti-British propaganda in the States with regard to India.

It is a nuisance that, while you are trying to strengthen the link between the two great English-speaking nations, these vicious creatures are gnawing at the link.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. W. FROW,
Stationmaster, Wickenby, Leicester

DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you heartily on your discovery of a cure for acarine, the disease which has devastated so many British bee-hives.

If you had patented your discovery you would be a wealthy man. But inventors are like that, and sometimes meaner men exploit them.

In this case the benefit has been felt by all your fellow-beekeepers, and you are well content.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mr. William Longman, Chairman Publishers' Association. presents:

JOKES *in* JOY JACKETS

WHEN falls the brown autumnal leaf,
And cricket-bats are put away.
Then, to assuage the widespread grief
That summer can no longer stay,
The publishers let loose a flood
Of books, designed to pass an hour,
Improve the mind, congeal the blood,
Or furnish knowledge, which is power.

The vanguard is already here,
In "jackets" to affright the eye;
Each week "the novel of the year"
Will now be boosted to the sky.
Impassioned spinsters, beardless boys,
And he-he men of doubtful sex—
Each fev'rishly a pen employs,
And with their Freudian musings vex.

While days grow shorter, longer grow
The faces of reviewers, for
Nothing they do can dam the flow
Of volumes. From the press they pour
In hundreds, only born to die;
While yawning readers vainly plead,
What time the flood goes surging by,
For something they can really read!

This rhyme, I hasten to state, is not mine, but was written to celebrate the opening of the autumn publishing

season by a person who signs himself B. Ord Stiff.

The writer, apparently, is among those who are continually complaining that far too many books are published, and asking who, in heaven's name, writes them?

The reply, roughly speaking, is: "Almost everybody with an elementary knowledge of grammar—and quite a few without."

Publishers, in any case, must keep on publishing, and failing a new Jane Austen, must fall back on the Intimate Diary of an Unsmacked Schoolgirl suffering from a rush of complexes to the fountain-pen.

If a new Boswell does not appear, what can a poor publisher do but hire some literary bantling—fresh from his Oxford nest and with his pen feathers just pricking—to burble of celebrities and nonentities he has met?

The flood of fiction, in the form not only of novels, but of alleged autobiographies and volumes of reminiscences, admittedly grows more terrifying every autumn; but, as we are unable to agree among ourselves to dam it, we leave the damning to readers and reviewers.

Hist'ry and myst'ry books,
Tales of ev'ry clime;
Sporty books and naughty books,
Yarns of love and crime;
Take your pick and buy 'em quick,
For the winter time.

Books to scan and books to ban
And books at which to peep—
But why condemn the least of them?
For half in this great heap
Are guaranteed to fill the need
Of those in want of sleep!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

C. M. RIDLEY: "Television is a big thing on the horizon."
But it might be a nasty little thing in the home.

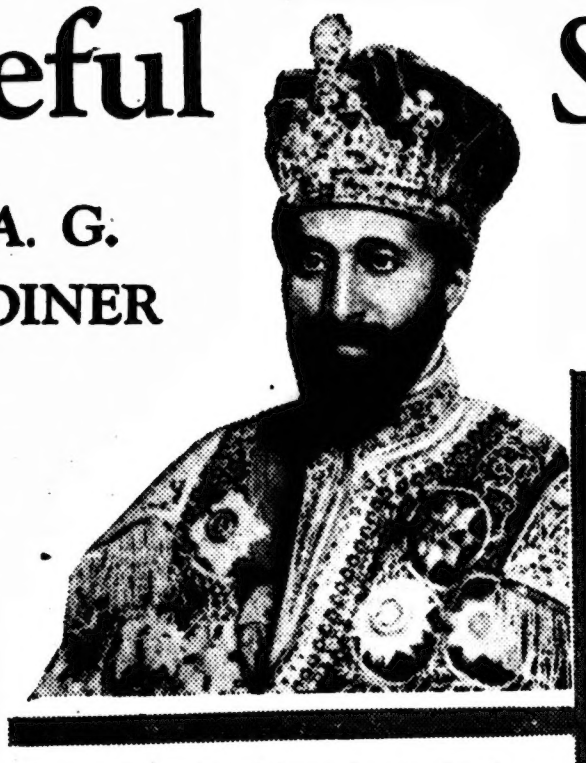
PRESIDENT HOOVER: "There are no limits to the courage of man."
Even in Chicago.

MISS WEBB SAMUEL: "Girls like their mothers better than boys do."
Rubbish! All human history is against you.

REV. T. L. JENNINGS: "It is religion to put your head over the garden wall and say, 'How are you getting on?'"
And mere paganism, probably, to reply, "Mind your own business!"

Shameful SLAVE-TRADE Disclosures

by A. G. GARDINER



Emperor Ras Tafari Makonen, the new ruler of Abyssinia, must face the judgment of the world

Slaves in the royal Abyssinian household—they must be freed

AMONG the questions which are being discussed at Geneva not the least urgent is that of slavery.

If the League of Nations had done nothing else than create a world conscience on this great matter, this alone would justify its existence.

You and I, whose good fortune rather than our merit it is to have been born and to have lived under the Union Jack, are apt to think of slavery as a legend of the wicked old past.

We read of the horrors of slavery in the ancient world, and shed sentimental tears over "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and flatter ourselves that all this is a tale that is told. Slavery in the twentieth century! What nonsense!

And then comes that terrific book of Lady Simon, and we see that this world of ours is still a hell for millions of poor slaves, borne from their homes, rounded up like cattle, roped together, driven across deserts under the lash of the slave-driver and dying like flies in hopeless servitude.

The "blackbirders"

In Abyssinia alone there are two million slaves, most of them captured by raiders from the adjoining territories.

These wretched victims have only one hope this side the grave. It is to get across the border into the Sudan, which we have delivered from slavery.

Another black spot of the slave trade is Arabia, where the slave population numbers 700,000. Here again we hold a watching brief for freedom, and thousands of poor Africans have been rescued by the British ships in the Red Sea which are always on the look-out for the vessels of the slave-raiders.

In North Burma we have liberated tens of thousands of slaves, in Sierra Leone hundreds of thousands.

But the naked, undisguised slavery with which Lady Simon deals is only the fringe of the problem.

There is in Africa and South America a disguised slavery just as hideous and even more difficult to deal with. It is the form of slavery known sometimes, as in Africa, as forced labour, sometimes as peonage.

Let me take Venezuela as an illustration. I do so because, by a stroke of irony, M. Zumeta, the representative of Venezuela, made the opening speech at the Assembly of the League of Nations last week.

The Venezuelan method is that common to most South American countries with large native populations.

"Recruiters" are sent out into the Valencia province. They go round to the villages, and by the promise of what seems large wages induce natives to agree to work on the plantations.

They have to sign a document, written in Spanish, which they do not understand, and which virtually gives perpetual control to their future owners.

On their arrival they find that their wages are all gone, for they are charged at exorbitant rates for the tools they use, the clothes they wear and the food they eat.

The result is that the rest of their lives is spent in paying off their debts which are always accumulating, and which are later transmitted to their children.

Thus children are often found still paying off the debts of their grandfathers—still the victims of this cruel and cunning form of slavery.

But why, you ask, do the natives sign? If they refuse, they are threatened with military service. This always works, for to serve in the Army is equivalent to death. They never return.

In Peru the system is roughly similar. The recruiter goes into a village and spreads money on a table.

A crime disguised

Should this disappear—and it always does—the recruiter accuses the whole village of theft, and all the able-bodied are taken away to forced labour, and by means of the debt system are kept in perpetual servitude.

Or let us look at the infamies of forced labour in Africa.

The discrimination between this system and naked slavery is negligible. In East Africa—Christian Portugal is the chief offender here—natives are brought five and six hundred miles to the coast to work in the cocoa plantations.

The climate is unsuited to them. The food is strange. Their pay is two yards of cloth and the remission of the poll tax. They fall sick and die like flies.

When Mr. Grimshaw—whose recent death was owing to his extraordinary labours on behalf of these slaves—made a tour of investigation, he could find only one man who had ever returned to his village.

And so one might go on, over the whole face of the world of the tropics. Everywhere through various forms of indentured labour, contract labour, forced labour, this thinly disguised system of slavery is taking its deadly toll of the helpless and defenceless native.

Hitherto in the war against this iniquity Britain has fought almost alone.

She has redeemed the Sudan from slavery. She has fought the Arab slave-raiders at sea. She has given refuge to the Abyssinian slaves. She has compelled Portugal to modify its inhuman system in Angola. But alone she cannot cut out this cancer of slavery.

Lash for pirates

And it is here that the League of Nations has come in as the most powerful engine of public opinion in the world.

At the instance of the British Government, acting through Lord Cecil, the League in 1926 framed a Slavery Convention, the main purpose of which is "the abolition of slavery as soon as possible." This convention has been ratified by thirty-six States.

Under this convention every signatory nation is committed to work for the abolition of slavery and to report annually on what has been done.

The convention, of course, does not go far enough. For example, the British proposal that slave traders and raiders should be treated as pirates was too strong meat for the weaker brethren.

It is true, moreover, that most of the reports on anti-slavery activities come from the Sudan, Burma and other British fields. Italy, for example, has done nothing to cleanse Eritrea, which is the base of the Arab slave-trade.

But, for the first time, the world as a whole is challenged in this great issue. The conscience of mankind is awakened, and though the nations are slow to act they cannot permanently resist the moral pressure of the League.

Cleanse the world!

Every year the pressure grows stronger; the shame more flagrant; the defence of it more impossible.

Through the League the agonies of millions of down-trodden human victims have found a voice that cannot be silenced. It is being heard to-day at Geneva.

It will go on being heard in gathering volume until no nation will dare to stand before the world with the stain of this foul sin upon it.

I Don't Believe SWAFFER

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"Got his face smacked"

HANNEN SWAFFER is a man I like because of his independence of mind and utter fearlessness. He always says what he thinks; regardless of consequences, as when he got his face smacked by an angry woman for an adverse criticism he had written of her ability as an actress.

I was rather tickled to receive a book from him at Christmas inscribed in his handwriting: "To 'R. J.' from Hannen Swaffer. I don't like this 'Canon' business."

But his blunt honesty sometimes does him injustice, as in the following instance.

A few weeks ago he undertook to answer a number of questions propounded by Edison, the veteran inventor, to American youths.

One of these questions asked how a man ought to behave if he found himself a member of a party which included women stranded without supplies in the midst of a burning wilderness.

We are to imagine that in the company of perishing people is the man's best friend and the woman he loves. There is just water enough to give three people a chance of surviving and reaching a place of safety. Which three should have the water?

Hannen Swaffer says he would save his beloved, his friend, and himself, and let the rest die of thirst; and he justifies this avowal by confessing that when it comes to a pinch he loves himself best, as do other men.

Frankly, I don't believe him. He thinks this is the way he would behave if confronted by such an awful choice, but I am sure he would not.

Prudence and common-sense might say that his life was of more use to the world than that of some feeble, elderly lady or little child, but if he saw either of them looking with yearning eyes at that water-bottle he would hand it over and accept the pangs of death himself.

There is that in every decent man which strikes deeper than prudence or common-sense in a crisis like this. We rightly term it divine, for God is in it.

When Captain Oates rose and went out into the darkness and whirling storm of a polar night in order to give his comrades a chance of escaping through having one mouth less to feed upon their meagre rations, he did what we all feel to be noble.

We do not stop to ask whether it would have been better to draw lots or thrust out the weakest; we instinctively know that this was the choice of a true man in extremity, and that the world is all the better for such self-abnegation having been possible.

The psychology books might scientifically explain that Captain Oates' decision was due to the state of his glands or something else purely physiological, and not to any moral motive deliberately obeyed.

But in our hearts we know better. And had Hannen Swaffer been there it might have been a question whether he or Captain Oates could get to the door first.

THE HOME-WORK KING Unmasked

A stinging remark by Judge Sturges, K.C.

THE greatest exploiter of dubious "home-employment" schemes in this country—a man who for years has directed numerous impudent ventures, through dummy "proprietors," whilst keeping himself strictly behind the scenes—can at last meet with the widespread publicity his operations deserve.

This exclusive exposure, which we hope will put him out of business, follows a long investigation held by JOHN BULL into certain circumstances surrounding a police-court prosecution in Hertfordshire recently.

In the dock was Mr. E. A. Saunders, the managing director of a firm called Grant and Gray, Ltd., of St. Albans, whose business is that of giving postal tuition in showcard-writing to people who pay them fees.

Missing witness

Saunders, who had been arrested on a warrant and held in custody, was charged with stealing £10, said to have been sent to Grant and Gray in cash by two students desirous of taking their course of instruction.

The only evidence to substantiate the accusation was an alleged confession which, it was declared, Saunders had made verbally to an employee of the firm and to a fellow-director.

The employee and the director were not together when the supposed confession was made, no one else was present, and it was not put in writing.

An extraordinary incident was noted at the first hearing of the case. To the embarrassment of the prosecuting solicitor, the chief witness did not attend the court.

In the end the prosecution had to obtain an adjournment to subpœna its principal witness.

From the evidence given, it was learned that it was the duty of the director who had heard the alleged confession to collect from the post-office all correspondence addressed to Grant and Gray.

He opened the letters, and whatever money was found in them was handed over by him to the accountant.

To show how anyone else could have access to the money, this director, although admitting he was responsible for all letters, stated in the witness-box that Saunders on occasions came to his room, and, remarking that it was unsafe to have registered letters lying about, took some of them into his own office.

The late Judge Atherley-Jones had to deal with two of Spikesman's previous "dummies" at the Old Bailey

This and the alleged confession Saunders denied.

At the ultimate trial, the prosecution could not produce one of the two persons who sent the money which was supposed to have been stolen.

Judge Sturges, K.C., summed up the situation with the remark that somebody was deliberately saying something which he knew to be wholly untrue.

The jury found Saunders "Not guilty," and he was discharged.

We, of course, wish to cast no aspersions on the good faith of the witnesses, but it had been stated during the proceedings that the alleged confession had been reported to someone described as Grant and Gray's secretary.

We would have liked to have seen this individual put in the witness-box.

Who is Saunders? Who is the secretary? What are Grant and Gray, Ltd.?

Until about a year ago Saunders was a waiter at a hotel in Hitchin.

There came frequently to the hotel a person who called himself Archibald Gordon, and at various times he pretended to take an interest in the welfare of the waiter.

Waiter promoted

At Gordon's instigation, Saunders gave up hotel work, and was introduced by him to the Owen Manufacturing Company, of Bedford.

This company has never manufactured anything. It has been one of a close family of so-called home-employment firms of a type which JOHN BULL has frequently exposed.

Behind it was a man named Gwilym Owen, but, although his name has never appeared in the official registration documents, Gordon had apparently a lot to do with its affairs.

When the fancy suited him, he took Saunders to St. Albans, and there installed him as managing director of a new concern called Grant and Gray, purporting to be a domestic registry organisation.

This was only a mask. The firm soon emerged in its true colours as a home-employment affair, and began to advertise postal tuition for a fee of £5 in showcard-writing and the like.

Knew very little

Gwilym Owen is now a director, and Archibald Gordon is the secretary who was mentioned in the theft charge against Saunders.

Although represented as managing director, the ex-waiter Saunders was used merely as a dummy and a tool.

He knew nothing about showcard-writing or teaching, and he was not permitted to have anything to do with the correspondence.

Gordon, we find, is none other than Leslie Matthews, the founder and moving spirit of the notorious British Show-Card Service, of Hitchin, one of the worst of the home-employment impositions.

When last we had occasion to criticise this sorry Service, we received an assurance that there were to be changes for the better.

What the reform is worth will be apparent from the fact that, although Matthews was represented as having transferred his interest, a new director had been appointed in the person of a clerk who had been employed by Grant and Gray at £2 10s. a week.

An individual named Edward Griffiths was associated with Matthews in the British Show-Card Service, but since he became liable for the costs of a sham libel action against JOHN BULL, he has disappeared.

Griffiths is a brother-in-law of Matthews, alias Gordon, as also is Owen.

That is far from being the full extent of Matthews' activities, however.

He is also, we have discovered, the power behind a concern called Merton Ware, Ltd., a debt-collecting and mail-order kind of business operating from Chandos House, London, S.W.

He is known there as Stanley Harding, and the clerk from Grant and Gray who has been elevated to a directorship of the British Show-Card Service has also been a director and secretary of Merton Ware.

An identical company to Merton Ware is to be found at Hertford in the name of Mail Traders, Ltd.

With it have been associated both Owen and the other director of Grant and Gray who gave evidence of the alleged confession in the theft charge.

Plenty to work on

Now, it has to be disclosed there are no such persons as Archibald Gordon, Leslie Matthews, or Stanley Harding.

These are the aliases of a person named Leslie Archibald Spikesman, who for years, by using all kinds of names and addresses, has been pestering and hoaxing the public with many forms of home-employment, fee-snatching ramps.

Many of his victims have been unemployed men and women who have spent their last few pounds in a despairing effort to find the work they had been led to expect by paying fees to this callous adventurer.

Spikesman has also been guilty of offences against the Companies Acts.

We shall expect, after this disclosure, quick action by the President of the Board of Trade.

KICKING *an Old Couple's Dog*

THIS is the story of Darby and Joan and their dog, Betty. In a humble basement flat in Regency Street, London, S.W., lives Mr. Arthur Thompson, a veteran of two wars, with his devoted wife.

Mr. Thompson receives the old-age pension. With this 10s. added to parochial relief of 17s. a week they must make ends meet.

Their rent is 8s. 11d., and there is little left for anything but bare necessities.

Until March of last year the veteran couple dwelt in rooms in Medway Street, Westminster, and when the houses in that locality were demolished under an improvement scheme, the flat they now occupy was offered them by the City of Westminster authorities.

When they moved in they brought with them Betty, a faithful Irish terrier, now ten years old, who has compensated them to some extent for the absence of children.

The old couple were scarcely settled in the basement flat before they were visited by a City of Westminster superintendent, who informed them that anonymous letters had been received complaining of the presence of the dog in the building.

True, it is a standing rule of the City of Westminster that animals must not be kept in their tenements except by special permission, but for some mysterious reason it was withheld from this old couple.

They had not been informed of any such rule, or they would certainly have refused the offer of the flat.

In a letter dated May 9, the City of Westminster authorities requested the vacation of the premises, and on July 10 the old soldier was summoned to the county court, as the result of which he was burdened with costs.

* * *

A kindly woman has taken charge of Betty temporarily, and the old couple linger on, daily expecting to be thrown on to the street.

They have nowhere to go. Mr. Thompson has not a friend or relative in the world. Mrs. Thompson's people are in Scotland.

We suggest to the autocrats of Westminster that they reward such devotion to a dumb pal by reconsidering their decision.

Weekly Informations from

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BIG Charity Scheme Exposed

AS the result of enquiries undertaken by my department, I am able to unfold a remarkable story and, at the same time, nip an impudent charity-trading venture in the bud.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a national daily paper:

"Canvassers, all districts, interesting work, small salary but good commission."

The advertiser's address was in Liddell Gardens, Kensal Rise, London, N.W.

Applicants are favoured with a pamphlet bearing the address given above and headed imposingly, "The Mitigator Charitable Society."

This effusion, with which I will presently deal in detail, stresses on its front page in extravagant black type that the society provides "positive money-making methods" for all who agree to assist in its alleged good work.

A cunning cloak

Accompanying the pamphlet is a printed letter bearing a slightly different title—"The Mitigator Club."

The "club," it would appear, is run separately from the "Mitigator Charitable Society," but is, I note, situated at the same address.

To elucidate a complicated story, I will deal firstly with the aims and objects of the "Mitigator Charitable Society," the president of which is described as being "Lewis Thring, Esquire," of the same address.

Judged by its literature, the society is national in scope.

Regardless of denomination, it provides food, clothing and fuel for the deserving throughout London and the provinces, and, "in co-operation with reliable authorities, sends poor mothers and their children to seaside homes for brief holidays."

Funds, of course, are "very urgently needed."

Not only does Mr. Lewis Thring appeal for monetary support, but he urges charitably-disposed people to patronise dances and entertainments organised by the society and to forward discarded clothing "to help to comfort those in need."

Nor does the society pause there in its—ostensibly—fine work for the weary and distressed. It runs its own "Shopping Bureau," which it suggests will be a boon to both the purses of housewives and its own coffers.

Humble shilling

For, so long as supporters are willing to spend not less than £1 on each individual purchase, Mr. Thring can pull mysterious strings and put them into touch with a number of shops where, by special arrangement, a saving of at least 20 per cent. can be effected.

It is all very attractive—on paper. But let me go one step further in my analysis of this scheme.

To take advantage of the "Mitigator Society's" "Shopping Bureau," one must become a member of the "Mitigator Club," of which the benevolent Mr. Lewis Thring is also "president."

In return for a subscription of a shilling per annum one is enrolled as a fully-fledged member.

And one is thus enabled to procure, at "strictly wholesale prices," an almost endless miscellany of goods, including lingerie, vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, pianos, garden-rollers, bedding, radio sets and baby carriages.

All for a humble shilling!

But where does the "charity" part of this venture come in? Or is it, with its jargon about bargains and figures and prices, a mere commercial undertaking with a "charity" touch added to give it public flavour and appeal?

And the good work?

I say, without fear of contradiction, that the sacred name of charity is being monstrously exploited in the "Mitigator" ventures.

Commercialism is certainly predominant in the instructions given to those seeking the work advertised.

In the "club" section of this queer institution canvassers have to tout from door to door in quest of members and their shilling fees.

A canvasser who secures fifteen members a week is paid 5s., plus 4d. for each recruit.

So that, before the "club," with its great anxiety to assist "those in need," gets a penny the canvasser pockets 10s. out of every 15s., plus, I might add, a commission on all purchases made by members.

Twice convicted of fraud, Walter Blackburn is seen here in philanthropic guise

Out of the remainder there is the printing bill to pay, organisation expenses and the salary bill to meet.

How much, therefore, can possibly go to the "Mitigator Charitable Society" for the good work which it is supposed to do?

And now for a little light on the preposterous arrangement which Mr. Lewis Thring has made with his collectors, who, by the way, have been busy up and down the country.

He pays them, to begin with, a small salary, plus travelling expenses.

In addition, they receive 33⅓ per cent. commission on all collections—in other words, in addition to salary and expenses, 6s. 8d. in every £1 raised.

If a sweepstake is organised or a dance held in the name of the fund, then collectors get a further 25 per cent. of the net profits.

Moving along

Moreover, collectors are actually permitted to deduct their share of the money from the total collected and post on the balance to Kensal Rise.

Thus, as in the "club" side of the scheme, before a penny has been earmarked for the administrative work of the society, practically half of the collections have gone.

And, incidentally, I am disturbed by one particular instruction given by Mr. Thring to his collectors. "Only give a receipt when asked for one," he says.

Not a very noble spirit in one who presents himself as one of the country's most earnest Samaritans.

There is no committee of management.

There is, it is true, a long list of organisers given—all the male members of which are "Esquires"!

Exactly what Mr. Thring means by "organisers" is a mystery, but I happen to know that most of them are just mere collectors drawing 33⅓ of the collections.

The "superintendent and general organiser" of the "Mitigator Society" is said to be Mr. H. M. FitzGibbon, of Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.

This is interesting, for enquiries led one of my investigators to an office in South Street, London Wall, E.C., where the "City Office" of the "Mitigator Society" existed until a few weeks ago.

Mr. FitzGibbon made himself responsible for the rent of a small office there, where letters addressed to the society could be received.

The result was that there were some harsh words addressed to him by the landlord on the question of arrears, and he was told bluntly to go.

Following this, the "head office" of the society was located at Burgess Avenue, Kingsbury, N.W., the private residence of a woman who drew a small stipend as compensation for the use of a room as headquarters and her name on the "literature" as "secretary."

This woman is no longer associated with the enterprise, but the manner in which the society's "headquarters" were thus maintained gives an illuminating picture of the type of concern it really is.

The methods of Mr. Thring, I fear, leave much to be desired. For a man of sixty, he is, to say the least, thoroughly indiscreet.

This must be because he has been associated with several disreputable charities.

One of these was called "The Link" (Of Aid for Those in Need).

Mr. Thring was secretary, and the movement was blacklisted by the Charity Organisation Society because there was no real cause for its existence and too much money went to the promoters and the collectors.

Brazened it out

Prior to this, Mr. Thring was closely connected with the Westminster Charity Society, a disgraceful project launched by the notorious Walter Blackburn, twice convicted of fraud.

Later Mr. Thring, in association with a Mrs. Mariane Whitlock, who had previously been with Blackburn, was concerned in another so-called "charity" venture styled the "League of David."

Both Thring and Mrs. Whitlock, by the way, were witnesses in a case at North London Police Court a few months ago when a woman was convicted for obtaining charitable contributions by fraud.

Thring was questioned by the magistrate as to whether he felt justified in paying such huge commission and taking a salary himself under such circumstances.

And he said he did!

'Ware CONTRARY MARY

HER name is Mary Higney, who has big, beautiful eyes, a sweetly cultured voice, and a delightful personality.

She might have been a successful mannequin, or an actress, or a first-rate secretary.

But Mary is contrary. She has no desire to utilise her talents in such directions. She prefers to ornament hotel-lounges of a superior type.

Recently Mary replied to an advertisement in a Liverpool newspaper, and, with the aid of excellent references, secured a post at a local hotel.

She made an excellent start. Her personality, willingness and efficiency pleased all, until she disappeared—two days after her arrival.

Rooms had been ransacked and her own luggage enriched by the valuable belongings of the hotel's guests.

Diamond and amethyst rings, pendants, golden charms and bracelets, a rare set of antique glasses, a valuable medallion bearing the signature of Queen Victoria—all vanished with Mary.

Her references, it was discovered, were copies

Mary never stays more than forty-eight hours in any one situation—just long enough to "work" her real mission.

She has deserted post after post in this gadfly fashion, and is "wanted" all over the country.

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BRINGS A RILEY "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE CARRIAGE PAID ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

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It's annoying to you—and to everyone else. Yet, if you use ordinary face powder you must apply it frequently to keep your nose from getting shiny. Now—thanks to the discovery of a new ingredient (Mousse of Cream) you may use a face powder which will keep your nose and face free from shine under all circumstances—*all day* long, in spite of perspiration, sun, wind, or rainy weather. The Mousse of Cream also makes the powder virtually invisible and prevents it from caking or drying on the skin, thus aiding in banishing enlarged pores. Poudre Tokalon is different from any other powder, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. 1/- a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d.

Vermin soon die on this diet

Liverpool Virus kills them speedily. Ordinary methods are too slow to cope with the rapid breeding of rats and mice—too dangerous to the health of your family.

Liverpool Virus is not a poison. Harmful only to rats and mice. They die outdoors.

LIVERPOOL VIRUS

THE ONLY BRITISH-MADE VIRUS

Sold in tins (ready baited) and liquid, in bottles, by all Chemists. Mice 1/6 and 2/6. Rats 2/6 and 5/-.

EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., 56, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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FASHIONABLE HAND-BAG BARGAINS

ZIPP TOP OPENING BAG No. 911F/300, in Morocco, lined art silk, with purse, mirror, side pocket, outside handkerchief pocket, strap handle. Various colours. Size approximately 10" x 7". Price 9/11 or 10/- by post from Boots, Nottingham.

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BUY YOUR HAND-BAGS AT BOOTS'
BETTER VALUE AT LOWER PRICES ALWAYS

MATCHES ABOLISHED!

MARVELLOUS NEW WAY OF LIGHTING GAS!

No more dangerous, wasteful matches. No Flints, Flames, Sparks or Petrol. Just press the top of the "Matchless" Gaslighter and the gas lights instantly.

10,000 FREE

On 7 days' trial to Housewives. Send and test one FREE NOW. Send no money—you only pay if you are satisfied. 3/11 for the Lighter and Refills (12 months' supply).

England-Richards Co., Ltd., 20 S. King's Lynn, Norfolk

You'll find what you want on page 2

R100 HEROES *Scandal*

FLYING THE ATLANTIC FOR 6d. AN HOUR!

THE Atlantic flight of the *R100* has been acclaimed a triumph; the world has heard the story from a thousand lips of the courage and skill of her officers and crew.

But there's another story which lies behind that memorable flight—the treatment which has been meted out to the airship's crew.

When the *R100* left Howden for Cardington to commence her adventurous journey to Canada and back she carried with her a crew of about thirty-three men.

Almost every man, as riggers and fitters, had worked on her construction since the beginning; each had to pass rigid medical tests and a trade examination.

They were chosen for their perfect physical fitness and technical proficiency; with the exception of the crew of the *Graf Zeppelin* they form the only fully-trained airship crew in the world.

"The courage and skill of her crew" had a reward of £1 17s. 6d.!

He can put matters right—Wing Commander Colmore, Director of Airship Development

Watchers' ordeal

Whatever the feelings at its results of those experts and big-wigs who have lavished so much money on this ship, to the crew (who are not interviewed by Press-men) the flight and its aftermath has brought nothing but disappointment.

Their troubles began with the experiences of the first watch of eleven men—the airship's crew is divided into three watches of eleven men—who were sent over to Canada as an advance party to prepare for the arrival of *R100*.

They were ordered to "travel light," as they would not be required to wait long.

When they arrived at St. Hubert, the air-port several miles outside Montreal, they found no arrangements for their accommodation.

Eventually they were put up in a glorified bunk-house, containing a bed for each man and very little else.

They were granted three dollars a day subsistence-allowance, out of which one dollar was deducted for their bed and another dollar for food.

From the remaining dollar they were expected to purchase what additional clothing they needed and to provide themselves with entertainment.

Since they had to wait *thirteen weeks* for the arrival of *R100*, and as they had travelled "light," it can be imagined that clothing purchases made a heavy drain on the remaining dollar.

As to entertainment, a bottle of beer cost nearly half-a-dollar, and a journey to Montreal cost five dollars by taxi.

After the first month of their weary sojourn, officials at home woke up to their presence there.

Having spent about £1,000,000 on the airship, they economised by cutting 20 per cent. off the subsistence-allowance of these marooned air sailors.

At last the *R100* arrived and brought their vigil to an end.

• • •

The men who flew the ship to Canada and back did so for a wage of £4 14s. 6d. a week of unlimited working hours.

When actually flying they received 4d. an hour "flying pay" for the first twelve hours and 6d. an hour afterwards.

Thus for flying the Atlantic they received the princely pay of £1 17s. 6d.

For 6d. an hour they embarked on this hazardous "experimental" flight, and 6d. an hour was the pay of the men who climbed out on the tail-fin without parachutes 2,000 ft. above the St. Lawrence and fought with the torn and flapping fabric.

Back in Cardington, the same cheese-paring niggardliness towards the crew again became evident.

Take it or—

The *R100* has now been put in her shed for an indefinite period, and her crew has been informed that the £4 14s. 6d. a week is to be reduced to an equivalent of £2 19s. a week during that time, which is likely to be many months.

Every man of the crew is on a weekly basis, and this announcement has been delivered in terms which leave them to take it or find work elsewhere.

Many of them brought wives and children with them from Howden to start new homes at Bedford, and they must now accept less pay than a dustman.

It is illuminating to compare the different behaviour of the owners of the *Graf Zeppelin* towards their crew.

Each member is on a long-term contract and is treated throughout as a man whose knowledge is rare and valuable in his country's service.

Every man receives pay at the rate of £50 a month, together with 2s. an hour flying pay—in other words, about four times the remuneration of our men.

Besides this belated economy which has been exercised on those least able to protest, there are other restrictions—trifling maybe, but intensely irritating.

Contemptible "axe"

The men frequently work a seventy-six-hour week, yet not the slightest latitude is allowed for lateness on a fresh duty spell even after, maybe, a man has worked for most of the previous twenty-four hours.

Again, with regard to uniforms. Some time ago an edict went forth that the crew of the *R100* were to have uniforms, and these were eventually supplied.

The men are expected to pay for them from their own pockets, although they are completely dissatisfied both with the cloth supplied and the price demanded.

There is a growing tide of quite justified protest at their treatment by the men at Cardington.

We expect—

It is surely not too much to expect that men so valuable to their country, and chosen from their fellows for their courage, fitness and skill, should be accorded fair—even generous—treatment.

The present conditions are harsh and unjust. We hope that the Director of Airship Development will be able to bring about a speedy amendment.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "Sir James"

A NEWSPAPER paragraph recently reported that a man calling himself Sir James Andrews had imposed upon an Ashford resident whose house was up for sale, and had decamped after obtaining £5 by false pretences.

We are now able to reveal the full story and to unmask this bogus baronet as a hardened criminal of many aliases, who is well known to the police.

The Ashford masquerade was no casual coup, for from first to last it was planned with scrupulous care.

As an opening move, he called upon a famous firm of estate-agents, which he succeeded in impressing sufficiently to persuade it to ring up the householder and to announce his impending visit as a prospective purchaser.

Thus heralded, the self-styled "Sir James" was received in all good faith. He craftily timed his arrival shortly after noon, so that the householder invited him to remain for luncheon as a matter of course.

During the meal the bogus baronet proved himself a most entertaining gentleman. He confided that he was a mining engineer from South Africa, holding a consulting post with a prominent mining company, which he named.

After luncheon, he inspected the house and property, expressing delight and giving his decision to purchase there and then.

At his suggestion it was agreed that he and the householder should meet to complete the transaction on the following morning at the local branch of Lloyds Bank, and his request to be put up for the night was cordially granted.

• • •

Next morning, in the presence of his host, "Sir James" called for a number on the telephone, and led the other to suppose that he was speaking to Lloyds Bank, to find out whether he should pay by cheque or draft.

Hanging up the receiver, he intimated that his bank manager suggested a draft, so he made out one on the spot for several thousands of pounds, taking a stamp from his wallet, which the host could not help noticing.

As there was some little time to spare before the appointment at the bank, "Sir James" suggested a short motor-spin. They had not gone far, however, before he suddenly bewailed the loss of his wallet.

It was accordingly decided that they should return to the house, but a careful search bore no fruit.

"Sir James" was obviously very distressed, and confided that the wallet contained important documents, as well as a lot of money.

In these circumstances the householder advanced the baronet money.

"Sir James" then succeeded in giving his host the slip.

For the information of any other people he may approach we would describe him as a man of about fifty-six, with greyish hair and a drooping moustache.

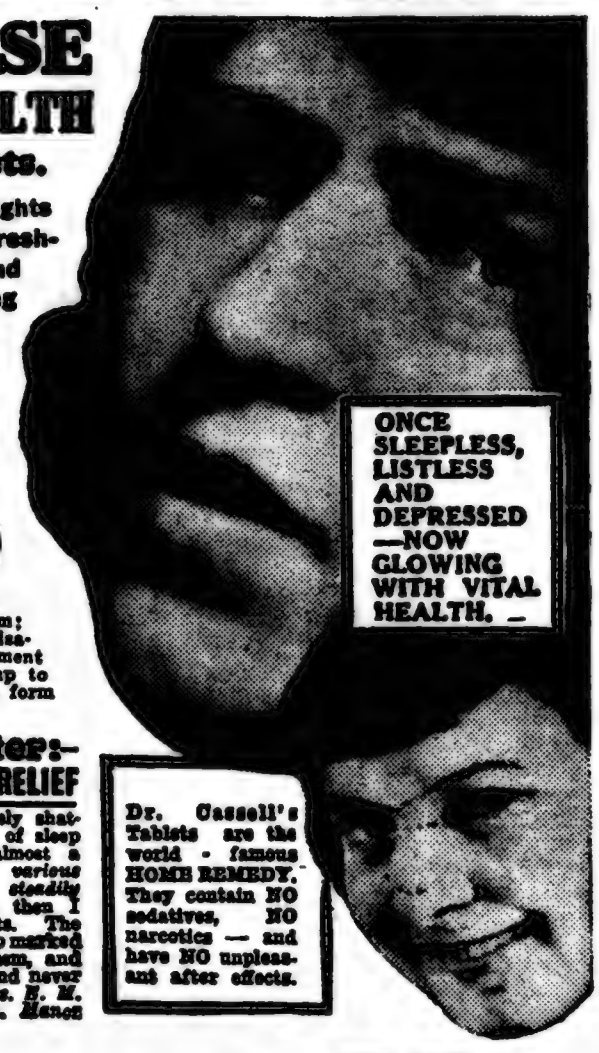
SLEEPLESSNESS

NERVE COLLAPSE
END IN LAUGHING HEALTH
thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

DEEP quiet repose in the place of those nights of restless tossing and turning; vigorous freshness, all day long, instead of weary lassitude and aches and pains—these are the reward of taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. This world-famous remedy does not merely cover up the pain for the time being but, by building new nerve-strength and fresh stamina it attacks the cause in the only logical way for the whole body. The scientific reason for Dr. Cassell's unfailing success lies in the presence of

19 UNIQUELY-BLENDED INGREDIENTS. . . . .

Each of these has a definite health-giving duty to perform; together, they fulfil three all-important functions—Revitalisation of the Nerves—Strengthening of Digestion—Enrichment of the Blood. Ordinary tonics may not be able to live up to their claims, but thousands have proved that this unique form of "three-fold treatment" never fails.



INSOMNIA, ANÆMIA, NEURALGIA, INDIGESTION, HEADACHES, NEURITIS, DEBILITY, AND All NERVE PAINS

Read this Letter:—
FIRST BOX BRINGS RELIEF

"My nerves were completely shattered; I suffered from loss of sleep and appetite, and was almost a complete wreck. *I tried various advertised remedies, but steadily went from bad to worse;* then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The effect of the first box was so marked that I continued taking them, and I am now full of energy and never felt fitter in my life."—*Mrs. H. M. Hibbard, 62, 4th Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.*

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the world-famous HOME REMEDY. They contain NO sedatives, NO narcotics — and have NO unpleasant after effects.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 & 3/-

13 size contains 26 Tablets.

GUARANTEE. *The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.*

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You can keep your skin lovely

NANCY CARROLL (*Paramount*): *"Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping skin in perfect condition"*

as 9 out of 10 of the screen stars do

BILLIE DOVE (*First National*): *"I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing"*

"A SMOOTH, EXQUISITE COMPLEXION ALWAYS WINS HEARTS," SAY STARS AND DIRECTORS

FILM stars and directors know so well the magic power of lovely skin: "Only a girl with an exquisite complexion can hope to be a star," they say, "for without it all other charm is lost."

To keep skin softly smooth, 703 of the 714 leading stars in Hollywood and England use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the official soap in the dressing-rooms of all the great studios.

A luxury — for so little

This dainty, white tablet is made from the purest of oils—free from all harmful alkalis. Its perfume is so refreshing, so lovely! Indeed here are all the luxuries offered by the most costly soaps!

Let Lux Toilet Soap keep your skin gloriously smooth like the screen stars'. Grocers and stores everywhere sell it in single tablets — or boxes of a dozen.

LUX Toilet SOAP 4d

T.L.196-312-66 A LEVER PRODUCT

Ended in 3 days RHEUMATISM

A victim to Muscular Rheumatism from head to foot, not threatened by dread Rheumatoid Arthritis and then relief from the very first box — that is the story of Mrs. W. C. Mills, of 8, Whitehall Gardens, Bristol. She tells you and every sufferer that there is nothing like Urace Brand Tablets. Urace positively dissolves away the uric acid crystals and poisonous accumulations which cause the tortures of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and Gout. And she is one of thousands who have found instant relief through Urace. Never mind if you have tried treatment after treatment in vain. Urace is confidently recommended to relieve your agonies and only costs 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from any chemist.

The 3/- size is the more economical, containing 3 times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

FREE. Do not delay. Send 6d. for postage, etc., and we will send you free, not only a free sample box of Urace Brand Tablets, but also a bottle of Urace Brand Rheumatic Liniment.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

Where external treatment is possible, use also Urace Brand Liniment. It kills pain without rubbing. 1/3 and 3/- the bottle.

Urace Laboratories, 26, Provost St., London, N.1

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Spread Over Face. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Healed.

"I had a terrible rash come on my face. It began with a few spots which soon spread all over my face. I was a terrible sight as it formed a lot of sore eruptions. I could not sleep at night for the eruptions itched terribly. The trouble lasted about three months.

"I tried different remedies which only seemed to make the trouble worse. I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using it a few days I could see a great improvement. I purchased more and in about a month I was healed." (Signed) Tom Atkinson, 34, Victoria St., Kiveton Park, Sheffield, Eng.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample apply address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-hse. Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

A Unique Offer.

Only the phenomenal increase in the sales of "NAVY CLUB" Virginia Cigarettes makes this astounding offer possible. You can qualify for either a beautiful 23 Gns. "DENNIS" 5-valve Super-Portable, in mahogany case, with single tuning dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries, etc., OR a "CHELLOPHONE" full size Portable Gramophone in strongly made case with best quality fittings and lid pack for eight records, in exchange for coupons from "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes, and also enjoy listening in while collecting coupons.

Full particulars of this revolutionary offer will be sent to readers of JOHN BULL who enclose one "NAVY CLUB" empty Carton, together with this advertisement. Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope, and address, L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.25), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

The TUPPENNY SNOB

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE tyranny of tipping is one of those evils that apparently defy all human effort to end them. That it should be ended most decent people agree; for if it is not a brand of servility, it is a direct incentive to sweating—while it more often than not becomes a sort of moral blackmail.

Yet so deep-rooted is this pernicious custom that if Miss Margaret Bondfield succeeds in her intent of establishing a Catering Trade Board, it is seriously contended that it will have to answer two questions:

Should tips be counted in when fixing wages for waiters and waitresses; and, if so, how can they be calculated?

So well established is it, in fact, that a sober Government Blue Book just issued states coldly:

"It is clear that in the catering trade allowances and tips form a material part of remuneration, and cannot be treated as of no account."

It is also clear, incidentally, that employers know exactly what amount their employees get in tips, and that wages are carefully calculated in accordance with that knowledge.

Sickening tyranny

The Blue Book even mentions "a small proportion of persons receiving no cash wages and depending for their remuneration mainly or entirely on tips"

It can, at any rate, be said that whoever employs them has the pluck to carry the idea of tipping to its logical end

It is not, however, this aspect of tipping that I want to discuss.

If a nation cannot so organise its affairs that everyone who works receives adequate remuneration for his labour, it deserves—and will assuredly get—the tyranny of tipping.

Yet how absurd a viewpoint it is, what a confused and woolly mentality it is, that leads people to tip the man who delivers a sack of coals and refuses a living wage to the man who daily risks his life to hew that same coal out of the bowels of the earth.

What a nauseating exhibition of snobbery on the one hand and servility on the other that tips the porter who puts a bag in a railway carriage and ignores altogether the driver whose skill and endurance has brought the traveller safely to the end of his journey!

What possible justification can be advanced for tipping a taxi-driver and not a shop-assistant, a hairdresser and not a bootmaker, a waiter in a restaurant and not a barmaid in a public-house?

Servility's reward

It is easy enough to talk about "personal service," and to say that a tip is a personal matter, a reward for a personal service efficiently and willingly performed—but I think that is far more of an excuse than an explanation.

For the fact remains that tips are given whether the service is efficiently performed or not.

They are given because they are expected, and because a certain amount of unpleasantness usually follows their omission

I can't help thinking that it is, on the whole, a degrading business, degrading alike to the giver and to the receiver. It is mere hypocrisy to call it a reward for service. It is a reward for servility.

A few years ago I got the lesson of my life.

At the end of a taxi-drive through Berlin I handed the driver his fare—and a tip. When one is in Rome one does as Rome does.

He handed the tip back to me.

"Thank you," he said with perfect courtesy, "but I do not require more than my fare.

"If I have driven you satisfactorily I have done the work I am paid to do. My self-respect is satisfied. Why should I expect more?"

It sounds incredible, but I assure you that is exactly what took place.

And I learned subsequently that in Berlin, at any rate, the taximen have a proper sense of the dignity of labour. They resolutely refuse to be cadgers.

Some years ago in this country the Postal Workers' Union officially advised its members that it considered the soliciting of "Christmas boxes" degrading and beneath the dignity of postmen. It advised them to discontinue the practice.

In many districts the advice was followed, though in some it was ignored.

It was thoroughly sound advice, and I regret that no other organised body of workers has seen fit, so far as I know, to follow an excellent example.

Grimmest sweating

That there is no need whatever for the illogical degradation of tipping can be seen in many big establishments in London, for on the menu-cards is always printed:

"The staff are adequately remunerated, and customers are requested not to offer them gratuities, since any member found accepting them is liable to instant dismissal."

And if it can be done in one case it can, and should, be done in all.

It should certainly be a matter for the law that in one restaurant I know in London the staff get 5s. a week in wages and are expected to live on the tips they get from their customers.

"A nauseating exhibition of snobbery on the one hand and servility on the other"

In the case of women it is not surprising if such conditions drive them to questionable ways of supplementing a farcical wage.

We pride ourselves that we have abolished sweating in this country, but if this sort of thing isn't sweating in its grimmest and most cynical form, what is it?

So far as those who give tips are concerned, Henry Ford has a passage in one of his books that puts the matter in a nutshell. He is not talking about tipping—but he might just as well have been.

"We believe that what is called being charitable," he says, "is a particularly mean form of self-glorification—mean because, while it pretends to aid, it really hurts.

"The giver gets a certain cheap satisfaction out of being regarded as a kind and generous man.

"This would be harmless enough in itself were it not that the recipients of the gift are usually destroyed; for once you give a man something for nothing, you set him trying to get someone else to give him something for nothing.

"Charity creates non-producers, and there is no difference whatever between a rich drone and a poor drone."

Isn't that the philosophy of tipping to a nicety? Isn't tipping exactly that mixture of self-glorification and lazy greed?

I am willing to admit that there may be a subtle difference between tipping and begging; but it would take the mind of a legal sophist either to see it or define it.

It is, I think, a sign of the times that the Association of Waiters in France is making a bid to put their profession on a basis of self-respect.

It wants to rid itself of the taint of tipping, wants its members to object to being called "Garçon," and to insist either on being called "M'sieur" or by their surnames.

In so doing it is taking a big step towards that ideal of dignified labour—a proper and self-respecting pride in doing a job properly.

It makes snobs

There will always, I suppose, be plenty of snobs in the world, and one might as well expect the moon to turn to green cheese as expect a certain type of mentality to cease making an ostentatious display of superfluous wealth by vieing with each other as to the size of tip it can hand out.

The people who can quickest rid us of the tyranny of the tip are the workers themselves, once they realise that tips are careless patronage that they would be the first to scorn if they came in any other guise.

We might, of course, all help by insisting that no man or woman works for less than a wage sufficient to enable them to live in decency and reasonable comfort.

But that is one of those ideas that is too simple and too obvious for unthinking humanity to assimilate inside of several generations.

It's Your Choice

The Human Machine

A FAMOUS writer once described the masses as "collective mediocrity." He softened the blow somewhat by adding: "The initiation of all wise or noble things comes, and must come, from individuals—generally at first from some one individual.

"The honour and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiation; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open."

All of this is, no doubt, true; but a man who is for ever content to remain an "average man," and who never aspires to be anything more than a bit of "collective mediocrity," is only half a man, and deserves all the obscurity he is likely to get.

For what the "average man" lacks most is moral courage. He never originates anything wise or noble, never gives a lead or achieves anything new, because he is scared stiff of offending the social prejudices and superstitions of the class to which he belongs.

If he is not snobbish he tends to be a toady, either sneering at those he conceives to be beneath him, or envying and apeing those he believes to be above him.

There are very few men who dare to be themselves and to voice their own thoughts, careless of anything the world may say so long as they are serving truth and conscience. Anyone who does so dare stands out instantly as an individual, and whether he is loved or hated, he cannot be ignored.

Which are you? Are you an individual, an initiator of wise and noble things—or are you just a bit of "collective mediocrity"?

Are you, in fact, a real man—or a moral coward?

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FIRE in the FIRE STATION

WHAT is wrong with our Fire Brigades? The nation is asking this question, and it demands a prompt and unevasive answer.

For months there have been whisperings concerning irregularities and even robbery by the few "black sheep" in these gallant and self-effacing bands of men.

The recent disaster at the Leicester Square, London, Turkish baths, when two lives were lost, has served to bring to an acute stage the problem of the probity of our firemen.

Rarely has a coroner at a fire inquest said worse things about the work—mostly so heroic—of firemen and salvage men.

His remarks clearly implied that some of the firemen or salvage-men had stolen notes supposed to have been lost in the blaze.

It fades away

FOLLOWING such a terrible indictment as this, one would have expected to find the London County Council authorities tumbling over themselves in an endeavour to restore the good name of the Brigade and to punish the few who may be guilty in the interests of the many who are not.

What do we find? Instead of tackling the question at once, the London County Council will not even consider the question of an official enquiry till its mid-October meeting.

By this time the scandal of the baths fire will be half forgotten. Of what value will such an enquiry be?

The Leicester Square baths fire, bad as it was, is not an isolated instance.

It is within our knowledge that there have been several "hole-and-corner" enquiries by the London Brigade authorities. The public knows nothing about any of them.

On one occasion, after a fire at a suburban residence, the owner, a business man, made the grave allegation that the inefficient conduct of the members of the brigade had caused unnecessary damage.

Further, he declared that a number of Treasury notes had been stolen from the pocket of a jacket which hung in a wardrobe.

Smothered

A "HUSH" enquiry was held. Reports were called for from officers in charge concerning the men engaged in putting out the fire.

To a man these reports agreed that no firemen went, or had reason to go, to the room from which the notes were stolen.

No proof could be offered, and so the case rests where it did. It was "not proven."

But "hole-and-corner" enquiries of this kind do not serve to clear the name of the Brigade. They simply add fuel to the fires of scandal.

It is time the London County Council realised this fact and set up an impartial tribunal, armed with the fullest powers and the fullest publicity, to clear up these charges of dishonesty by a very small minority of the Brigade.

The next thing the nation demands is a great national fire-fighting service under one control.

A large number of the provincial brigades on which we depend for our safety against the awful enemy are so utterly inefficient that they constitute a menace rather than a safeguard.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

"The nation demands the abolition of secrecy, snobbery and bungling"

The recent factory fire at Luton, in which eight lives were lost and damage estimated at £80,000 resulted, is a terrible warning.

In this industrial town of 60,000 souls the brigade consisted of a foreman and seven men!

And not all these eight men could attend fires at any time. Three were on night duty, one was on leave each day, and the activity of another was absorbed by station duties.

Is it any wonder then that by the time this little band of men was got together the fire had assumed proportions that were altogether beyond their control?

So the gallant firemen of Luton fought as best they could till help arrived in the form of motor and even man-power engines from five *volunteer* brigades in towns miles away.

The eight poor souls who perished would have been saved had Luton possessed a fire brigade in keeping with its importance.

Make no mistake about it. There are hundreds of big centres in this country where the fire-fighting position is worse than that of Luton. Some have no fire brigades at all.

In any of them catastrophes may occur at any moment.

Feeling is so high amongst firemen in some provincial areas that they point-blank refuse to go to a fire if it is not within their scheduled radius.

The brigades at Derby, Loughborough and Porthkerry have all during the past three years ignored calls on this ground.

Parish-pumpers

ONE can understand their point of view only too well. In spite of the fact that £15,000,000 worth of property and 1,500 lives are destroyed by fire each year, we are still content to cope with it by methods that are the outcome of the parish-pump mind.

The graveness of the position cannot be exaggerated.

In the spring of this year a deputation of fire-fighters waited upon the Home Secretary.

Mr. G. Mathers, M.P., led the deputation, which included Chief A. R. Corlett, of Manchester, Chief Henry Johnson, of West Ham, and, amongst others, the chief fire officers of Liverpool, Bristol, Leicester and Edinburgh.

These men tried to persuade Mr. Clynes to realise the awful peril to the nation of inefficient, badly-paid brigades and useless old tanks manned by volunteers.

Brave, but impotent

LOW rates of pay have caused much dissension amongst the firemen up and down the country.

London firemen receive only £3 10s. a week, with a lordly rise of 2s. a year, plus a small allowance for quarters and uniform. In many provincial towns the rates are much lower.

It does not take a legal mind to guess that if a poor salary can be augmented by illicit means a few men in the Brigade might fall to the temptation.

A fireman in New York gets a starting salary of £8 a week. America's fire chiefs rise from the ranks.

With our passion for snobbery we select most of ours from the ranks of retired naval and military officers, who know as much about fire-fighting as fire-fighting knows about them.

The way to promotion in the British fire service is hard.

The nation demands a clean, efficient service, the proper recognition of the work of its brave fire-fighters, and the abolition of the secrecy, snobbery and bungling which are fostered by the present system.

The problem is too big to be left to councillors and legislators who do not possess the brains to visualise its greatness.

It is tragically clear that the country's only salvation is a unified force under one control, adequately machined, efficiently manned and well paid.

Photo: Canadian National Railways

Canada owes much to them both—her Premier, the Hon. R. B. Bennett, and her sturdy lumberjack

Zadik, Cape Town

"Loving the life on his farm . . . an ardent gardener"—General Hertzog, South Africa

MEET OUR BIG BROTHERS!

WORLD history can show no parallel with the gathering at No. 10, Downing Street, London, the home of Britain's Prime Ministers, on September 30.

The Imperial Conference brings together the representatives of the free nations which form the great British Commonwealth. It is not an occasion for flag-flapping, but a hopeful parley of equals in a great civilising endeavour.

Britain welcomes heartily these men—many of our bone and blood; some others of different origin, formerly hostile, who have since joined the covenant.

The dry bones of their discussion with the British Premier, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with Mr. J. H. Thomas, Dominions Secretary, and Lord Passfield, Secretary for the Colonies, will be inter-imperial relations; foreign policy and defence; economics.

The administrative heads of the colonies and dependencies have already met in London this year—East Africa, the Straits Settlements, the West Indies, British Guiana, and a score of places.

It will be for Lord Passfield to present their views.

Who are these statesmen, some of whom have already arrived, and what manner of men are they?

From Australia come the statesmen of the new Labour Government. They are men of whom almost nothing is known by the man in the street here in the "Old Country"—new men come to power on the rise of their Party. Yet, in Australia, they have been known for years in political life.

There is the Right Hon. James Henry Scullin, P.C., M.P., Prime Minister of Australia. We have read how—a sick man—he was carried on board his ship to come here for the conference.

That is characteristic of Scullin: a man of extremely delicate health and of iron will.

He began life as a journalist, running a country paper in the Ballarat district. The son of a railway employee, he early distinguished himself as a debater. He is still a great debater: keen, earnest, dry and logical.

He first became interested in politics in 1903, when he was converted to the Labour cause by that veteran firebrand, Tom Mann. His rise was then comparatively rapid.

Organiser of the Labour Party in Victoria, he first entered Parliament in 1910.

He lost his seat in 1913, and became editor of the *Evening Echo*, a Labour journal of Ballarat. In 1922 he again entered Parliament, representing Yarra, which he still represents. He is fifty-three years old.

Accompanying Mr. Scullin are two other Australian statesmen. Frank Brennan, M.P., is the Attorney-General of Australia. He comes of a wealthy legal family, of which he is the only member holding Labour views.

A "quick study"

A successful solicitor, he has a large practice in Melbourne which, during his absence on Parliamentary business, is managed by his sister, who is also a lawyer.

He is known as a "quick study"—able to seize and discuss the details of any question in record time. His gifts of satire are feared in debate.

Parker Moloney, Minister for Markets and Transport, is another valuable member of the Australian delegation.

He was born on a farm, and to this day represents a farming community.

He was mathematical master, and later headmaster, of various colleges before entering politics.

There is nothing particularly romantic or highly individualised about these Australians; certainly there is none among them to equal the adventurous Free State men or the South Africans.

There is General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, for example, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.

He is a man of sixty-four, still sturdy, active, and in excellent health.

Once an enemy—

Son of a typical, well-to-do Boer family, he spent his boyhood on the farm, later studying at the University of Stellenboesch, and, later still, at the University of Amsterdam.

He is a lawyer, having practised as advocate in the Orange Free State. After the formation of the Union he was a judge in the Appellate Court.

In the Boer War he served under Botha, and became a general of Boer commandoes. He was one of the signatories of the Treaty of Vereeniging which ended the war.

He was elected to Parliament, under the first Union Government, in 1910. He was one of the framers of the constitution of the Union of South Africa.

General Hertzog showed signs of holding independent and radical views on South African status within the Empire when he helped to form the new Nationalist Party in 1912, which eventually came to power, with the help of the Labour Party, in 1924.

He has said some harsh and disturbing things in the course of his career—even hinting at a severance of South Africa with the Empire.

Yet, later, he has modified these expressions. General Hertzog has had a very mixed electorate to please.

He has been pictured rather as a bogy; yet, in private, he is one of the simplest and kindliest of men, loving best a life of almost patriarchal simplicity on his farm.

He is an ardent gardener and an expert on various agricultural questions.

He holds a doctor's degree at Amsterdam University, and is greatly interested in philosophy—a curious mixture of soldier, politician, student and farmer.

Accompanying him is the Minister of Finance of the South African Government, Mr. N. C. Havenga. Mr. Havenga is still a young man—he was only sixteen years old when he fought us in the Boer War, and was badly wounded.

India will be represented by the Secretary of State, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, and by two delegates from India. One of these is His Highness the Maharajah of Bikanir.

Fifty years of age, intelligent and statesmanlike, the Maharajah is esteemed as one of the most liberal and progressive of the native statesmen. Bikanir is seventh in size of the native states, and its population is under a million.

Fed the starving

The Maharajah saw service in the war; and has also been decorated for the part he took in relieving the great famine of 1899-1900.

He is also the head of the Indian delegation to the League of Nations this year, at Geneva; and it is extremely likely that he will also be chosen to represent the Indian native states at the forthcoming—if it ever is forthcoming—Round Table Conference on India.

With the Maharajah comes Sir Mian Muhammad Shafi, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., a great Indian jurist. Sir

THE EMPIRE'S SHADOW

on the earth's surface. Only those places relating to the Empire are identified in our map

Wheat-farming in Australia

cte health . . . iron will," Australia's Rt. Hon. J. H. Scullin

Miam Muhammad studied for the Bar in London and entered the Middle Temple. In 1892 he was called to the Bar. He then returned to India, where, for years, he has practised as a barrister.

New Zealand lamb—every British housewife knows its tenderness and tastiness. Next time you buy some, remember that it may come from the farm of the Prime Minister of New Zealand.

The Hon. George William Forbes is a prosperous and successful farmer in the Canterbury Province of New Zealand. He took up land as a young man and achieved success as a result of hard work in sheep-farming, cattle-raising and grain-growing.

His own experience has made him an advocate of the policy of "close settlement"—the cutting-up of very large estates to accommodate more men on the land engaged in intensive cultivation.

He is a strong believer in this policy as a measure against unemployment, and he knows how to fight for it.

It was not for nothing that, when he captained the Canterbury Rugby team, he was considered the best half-back in New Zealand.

Last year he secured legislation authorising a five millions expenditure for land settlement.

With him comes Attorney-General Sir Thomas Kay Sidey, a wealthy and able solicitor; a quiet, soft-voiced gentleman who nevertheless knows how to fight and gain his point through sheer endurance and persistence.

He is responsible for getting the Daylight Saving Bill through in New Zealand, after a struggle lasting years.

Bencher Premier

He is accompanied by Dr. George Craig, Controller of Customs, and by F. D. Thomson, C.M.G., who, with Sir Maurice Hankey, is dean of these imperial conferences.

The Hon. R. B. Bennett, Premier of Canada, is a distinguished statesman, and a prominent lawyer. He is unmarried, which is somewhat unusual for a Premier.

He is Canadian-born, of a family which has had nine generations on the American continent.

President of the Canadian Bar Association, and bencher of the Law Society, his legal abilities will be of great assistance to the conference.

Twice he represented Canada at Geneva for the League of Red Cross Societies and the International Red Cross.

He was Director-General of National Service in Canada until 1917. In the reorganised Canadian Conservative Cabinet of 1921 he was Minister of Justice, and, later, Minister of Finance.

Free State scientist

Then there is the Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of Justice, and scion of a legal family, a dignified and impressive gentleman, with a concise and convincing style in debate. Before his Party's recent victory, he was the financial critic of the opposition.

Our nearest dominion provides picturesque representatives. The Irish Free State's delegation is headed by Mr. Patrick McGilligan, Minister for External Affairs and Minister for Industry and Commerce.

Like most Free State leaders, he is still a young man. Slight, good-looking, he was formerly professor at University College, Dublin, later the National University.

He it really was who brought the gigantic Shannon scheme to actuality. He is universally credited with being the main personal force behind that vast plan, which will aid in the industrial reconstruction of Ireland.

A highly cultured man, and one who believes firmly in science as the handmaiden of progress, Mr. McGilligan has recently been associated with the experiments with the Drumm storage battery, which may—if all which is claimed for it is fulfilled—revolutionise transport. He is an effective debater, direct and incisive.

London is no strange city to him, for he was formerly principal secretary to Mr. James McNeill some five years ago when the latter was High Commissioner for the Free State in London.

Another Free State Minister who will attend the conference is not unused to London. This is Mr. Desmond FitzGerald, Minister for Defence.

He was Free State representative at the last Imperial Conference in 1926.

A decisive young man, he has been somewhat ruthless with the axe.

Since becoming Defence Minister, he has cut down Army expenditure by nearly one-half.

A fighter—he participated in the 1916 struggles—he is also a poet and lover of literature.

He has an excellent knowledge of French, and, at Locarno, actually addressed the conference in that language.

A modest land

Patrick Hogan, the young and enthusiastic Minister of Agriculture, is another Free State delegate.

Since his attainment to office, he has introduced—and enforced—legislation which has materially raised the standard of butter, eggs and other produce.

And, lastly among our visitors, comes the Premier of the least known of our dominions, Newfoundland.

While not the least important, Newfoundland is a modest land of modest people, and we hear but little of its achievements and resources.

Perhaps we shall learn more now that Newfoundland's Prime Minister is among us. Sir Richard Anderson Squires, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.B., is both Prime Minister and Minister of Justice. He is fifty years old, and has practised both as solicitor and barrister.

In furtherance of various commercial treaties between Newfoundland and other countries, he has visited Canada, Italy, Spain and the United States. He is an adept and successful envoy.

Sir Richard is accompanied by Lady Squires, who is a member of the Newfoundland House of Assembly.

This is probably the only case in the world where a Prime Minister's wife is also a member of Parliament. Fortunately, she belongs to the same political Party!

We're all one!

Such are the representatives from overseas, who will discuss with representatives of the British Government, at this all-in Imperial Conference, questions of immediate importance to all of us.

For our destiny is bound up with that of the peoples of the dominions. Their destiny is bound up with ours.

Only by a pooling of experience, knowledge and earnest effort can we best advance the cause of civilisation.

"Saw service in the war"— H.H. the Maharajah of Bikanir

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Guardian *Issued by Natural Chemicals, Ltd.*

Putting the WIND UP BRASS!

"Full of hope—and wind"

FOUR thousand five hundred and sixty men will get the wind up at the Crystal Palace next Saturday. It will be the biggest blow the brass band world has ever known. The noise would stagger even Sousa.

There is nothing quite like the National Band Festival. It is as thrilling as a Cup-tie, as elevating as a Henry Wood "Prom," as full of surprises as the Derby, and as gala-like as Hindle Wakes.

All over Great Britain next Friday night, September 26, the elbow-grease will flow. Old soldiers with memories of spit-and-polish days will smile as the gleam goes laboriously on the big French horn. Scotsmen will thank God for the bagpipes.

Late into the night 190 different bands will blow their way through the eve-of-the-contest rehearsal, full of hope and wind.

And on Saturday morning Paddington and other great London termini will wear that Cup-tie look. There will be belching throngs from special trains, songs and cheers and the friendly back-chat of rivals.

Blow, boys, blow!

For the National Band Festival is that sort of an event. The bands, like football-teams, bring their legion of supporters. There are "star" blowers just as there are "star" players.

Musicians and admirers between them comprise the biggest Crystal Palace throng of the year.

So keen is interest, so intelligent the crowd's judgment, that on one occasion an unpopular judges' decision very nearly started a riot.

The North and Midlands have the fever badly. They are as proud of their bands as they are of their footballers. Towns and villages will await Saturday's verdict with the tense expectation that goes with a great national event.

The bands are linked with an amazing motley of trades and organisations, splendidly symbolical of that love of music rarely attributed to, but inseparable from, the British temperament.

There will be bands from the mines and the mills, from the railways and the garages; bands full of cocoa-workers and bands full of tramwaymen. There will be temperance bands in abundance, and at least one galaxy of talent from a brewery.

All ages

Veterans of the borough bands will vie with the lads of the Boys' Brigade.

There will be bands with charming names, such as "Indian Queens" and "Braes of Allen," and bands with everyday, honest-to-goodness names like "Barking Garage," "Metropolitan Cable Works," and "Tredegar Workmen."

There will be uniforms grave and gay, bandsmen in sober hues and bandsmen strutting it in glittering raiment rivalling the Guards. Altogether a very fine pageant of melody and colour.

The entry of 190 is a record since the festival was launched thirty years ago by Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan immortality, and Mr. J. H. Iles, who is still to-day the popular organiser and patron.

Divided into seven classes, according to merit, the main interest, of course, is centred on the fight for the championship and the 1,000-guinea trophy, won last year by the Carlisle St. Stephen's Band.

This year there are seventeen contestants for the championship, drawn from all parts of the country, and keen rivalry is again anticipated.

The holders are again in the fray, and so are "Black Dyke Mills," the winners of 1928.

The festival has its secrets and its mysteries. The judging alone is wrapped in a tantalising veil of precaution.

Seven tents are erected, and into them march, three for the championship section and two for each of the remainder, a small army of experts whose names have been withheld until the actual morning of the great day.

No surrender

And there they remain until the close of play. Unseen, unheard, nothing tempts them out again. Even should a heat-wave favour the event the fateful fifteen must not surrender.

And from morning until night they hear band after band playing the same tune. Which band is which they cannot tell. They are concerned merely with the merits of each rendering.

Last year the selected test-piece was Cyril Jenkins' tone-poem, "Victory." This year it is the "Severn Suite," specially composed for the occasion by Sir Edward Elgar.

A few weeks ago the score was sent simultaneously to all competitors. They had never seen or heard it before. Each and all, therefore, have precisely the same period in which to practise and perfect their rendering.

Every possible precaution is also taken to ensure that the finger of suspicion shall not point at the judgment of the wise men in their tents.

Luck of the draw

On the morning of the contest the bands draw lots for the order in which they are to perform, and the judges, behind their canvas walls, could not, even if they wished, have any method other than guesswork of establishing identity.

There is an interval of a minute between the efforts of the rival bands for quiet reflection. The shrill cry of a whistle sounds from a tent and another little regiment of twenty-four hopefuls strikes up the refrain.

Something like eight hours in a stuffy tent, listening time and again to a single tune which, however beautiful, must certainly be monotonous, is a mild ordeal, and the judges are among the heroes of the day.

When the verdict is reached the fateful number is placed in a sealed envelope. This is handed to a policeman.

He in turn deposits it in a place of safety, where it remains until that dramatic moment when the thousands of musicians hear their fate.

But before this, in the autumn gloaming, is staged a little pageant that lives for ever in the memory of those who have experienced it.

Massed bands join in a concert that is unique. Wagner, the master-lover of brass, would have thrilled to such an assembly. The music-loving crowds at Crystal Palace pulsate with emotion.

The scene last year was unforgettable. As a national bandsmen's thanksgiving for the recovery of the King from his illness, the legion of musicians played "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven" and "The Old Hundredth," over twenty thousand spectators joining reverently in the words.

It was a great little epic of emotion.

The climax

Excitement is at concert-pitch when silence is called for the announcement of the judges' verdicts.

The festival secretary quietly reads out a number. Mr. Iles slowly opens the fateful envelope and shouts the name of the new champion band.

Then, if the Crystal Palace grounds had a roof, it would fly off. Twenty-five bandsmen are the happiest men in Britain. Supporters run wild with delight. Telephone-wires hum with the glad news to the waiting home-town.

It is the end of a great national occasion.

All Britain will be able to hear the winners, for special arrangements have been made with the B.B.C. for a broadcast on Saturday night.

And the best of 190 splendid bands will be worth hearing.

The "drawing-room" court wherein the destiny of erring youth is determined

REST-CURES *in Jail*

Miss Lilian Barker, C.B.E., is Borstal's great-hearted mother

IN this topsy-turvy age of ours the weapon devised to punish is often used to protect and to cure and to shelter. The sentence to what the sentimentalists call "living death" is often just a passport to a new and better life.

There are countless stories to tell of this queer social twist. We might begin with one that would make you smile—if it did not make you think.

* * *

Dr. —— is the medical officer of a jail for women, a kindly man whose thoughts are for others, whose practice is a practice, prison or no prison.

A new batch of prisoners one day included a "short-term" woman who was suffering from an ulcer in the leg which the medical officer realised would require careful and studied treatment if she was to emerge from jail cured.

He set about his task. Nothing that medical science could provide was denied her. She might have been in a first-class hospital.

But these things take time, and hers was a very short sentence.

"It will take another two months," said the doctor. And, confident of a complete cure, he suggested to her that he would arrange for a colleague to finish the good work at a local infirmary after her discharge.

The very idea! The woman scorned his suggestion. She had her pride. In jail she had a nice, clean room all to herself, and she had no intention of demeaning herself by coarse associations in the workhouse.

Back again

So she limped out of jail with an unhealed leg, with nowhere to go.

A brief period elapsed and the medical officer met her face to face among a new batch of arrivals from the "Black Maria." "Now," she said calmly, in response to his surprised enquiry, "you can finish my leg!"

She had committed a petty felony a few hours after her discharge from the prison—and her new sentence of two months provided ample time to complete her cure.

* * *

Pass now from this self-confident guest of the State's surgery to Charlie, a boy of eleven years.

Charlie lived in the sort of home that has to be seen to be believed—that sort of house in that sort of street that smells from end to end.

Babies in rags sprawled on the doorsteps; there were dark staircases, with rotting walls and bannisters; each separate and filthy room contained a family.

In Charlie's room-home there was his father and mother and three other kiddies, sleeping and feeding together. His playground was the gutter.

His bad ways began with thefts from hawkers' barrows. For that he was placed on probation. Then he was "copped" again for more audacious efforts—wandering, truancy, and a valiant attempt to rifle a gas-meter.

Charlie was sent to a nautical school until he is sixteen.

Good for Charlie

Imagine the change from his stagnant slum: real country, a fine building with spacious grounds, splendid sports, interesting lessons, good food, and a chance to be a smart sailor.

Well, good for Charlie. But fancy having to break the law to make good in life. Fancy having to leave home for a State institution to know how good it is to be alive.

* * *

Mr. W. Clarke Hall, the famous magistrate, knows all about this sort of thing. He is constantly "sentencing" lads to decent human treatment for offences that little more than a hundred years ago would have resulted in their being deported for life.

The boys are not all blind to the chance that taking the wrong turning can give them.

In one case a boy brought before Mr. Clarke Hall for the second time was asked what could be done to prevent his becoming a confirmed thief.

"I think, sir," he said, "you had better put me away."

MURDER IN ACT III.

"There will be a sheet of unbreakable glass between the gorilla and his beautiful victim. When Gloria Frayne saw the ugly brute gibbering at her through the glass. . . ."

But read "Murder in Act III" for yourself—one of the twenty long stories in the 20-STORY Magazine just out! Most value for your shilling.

But for every boy who is put away, for every one the State snatches from the gutter and makes a man and good citizen, there are hundreds who still wallow in the mire because they have not broken the law.

* * *

The other day a small boy of nine who was charged with being "beyond control" was found to be living with a large family in so small a room that his only playground was *underneath the bed.*

At Borstal there are wide open spaces. At nautical schools conditions are even better. Do you wonder that these little Willies go naughty?

Again, compare the fate of the delinquent and troublesome young woman with that of the girl-wife whose only crime is poverty and a muddled life.

Bessie X was sent for three years to the Borstal Institution at Aylesbury. There, under Miss Lilian Barker, she finds open air, hard work, fine food, play, and sympathetic understanding.

But what about young Mrs. V? She is almost the same age as Bessie. She married a man who lost his job. She lives in an underground room with her infant baby.

Slum or Borstal?

With scarcely enough food for the little innocent, hardly any for herself, she witnesses the soul-destroying sight of her husband going to the devil because England cannot find him work.

Slum or Borstal? Bessie or Mrs. V? The comparison makes you think.

* * *

At Holloway Jail there are neat and tidy little maternity-wards. There are even flowers on the window-sill. A kindly matron hovers around. Skilled medical attention is at hand. There is every chance for baby.

In the slum basement the mother who has kept the letter of the law wonders why the girl who went crooked can bring a new life into the world in peace and content.

Fortunately for the community, the average citizen of this country has too much inherent self-respect to break the law for creature comforts, but there are those who do—hundreds of them.

There's a good, sound moral lesson in that for Britain.

Doctors frequently recommend Manikins as being more soothing and less "nervy" than cigarettes.

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DISGUISE MAKES CHILDREN HAPPY—

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If you smoke "scented" flake, "flavoured" plug, or "tangy" mixture, just because it is cheap, come on to RUBICON MIXTURE for a week. Here you have a cheap Tobacco which you can like — free from perfume and artificial flavouring — natural and "undoctored."

Made by John Sinclair Limited Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Greatest foe of the "con." men —ex-Inspector Leach, now a private detective

A callous rogue of many roles— "Major" Geoffrey Wilmer

Tragic SOCIETY WASTERS

THERE is in England to-day a band of wasters, men of fine family, cultured, educated and often brilliant, who are useless both to themselves and the community.

They have a little money—and no work. They have no decent, normal interests. Their hobby is vice. Their "trade," if they play at one, crime.

But the devil finds work for idle hands and minds. Well-born men and sons of men who have by cleverness and hard work made fortunes are numbered among these.

A typical member of this legion of debonair cheats is one Charles Earwicker, son of a famous antique merchant, who was spared by death from seeing his name dragged down.

Earwicker inherited a fine old-established business and a small fortune. The money went like wildfire. The business went to pieces. Earwicker himself went steadily to the devil.

With callous disregard for decent feelings, he traded on a fine family name, held in respect by a host of antique traders and lovers.

Jail follows exposure

He stooped to plain fraud. When London became too hot to hold him he toured the country, obtaining goods on the strength of his dead father's name and a business that no longer existed.

These he re-sold, netting thousands of pounds, and it was not until JOHN BULL exposed him that the police were able to nail him down. He was sent to penal servitude for three years.

Only a few weeks ago another of these useless people met his Waterloo in the courts of justice.

"Major" Geoffrey Wilmer, known familiarly throughout the West End by his bogus military title, came of a reputable county family and was educated at a public school.

With no work to do, and no healthy interests, he grew into the habit of recklessly squandering his allowance, with the result that he turned to shady methods of replenishing his exchequer.

He was a fashionable "dope" pedlar, and the man behind the tragedy of a beautiful young woman who was found in a Mayfair apartment with a bullet-wound in her chest.

Wilmer once had stooped so low as to compromise a millionaire in order that a decree of divorce against the latter's wife should be set aside, for which despicable treachery he was generously rewarded.

JOHN BULL trained the limelight of truth on the real character of this cultured and eloquent rogue.

A warrant had been issued in connection with his drug activities, and when he sneaked back into England he was arrested and sentenced.

Such men as he, with empty hours and hectic inclinations, are a menace to themselves and society at large.

Their greatest foe for a long time was Inspector Leach, of Scotland Yard, who recently retired after a long and arduous career.

His departure must have been a great relief to a man called Captain Bradshaw, a "posh" trickster for whom the police have been searching for a long time.

Bradshaw, a man with a public school education and the appearance of a perfect gentleman, has a personal allowance, but idleness drove him only along the wrong road.

He augmented his income to a huge extent by crooked card-play and the like.

We know him to be the man behind many of the recent big betting coups, and he has control of a large and powerful "gang."

Baronet beast

The havoc, moral and physical, wrought by a life of idleness and uselessness was rarely better proved than in the case of a young baronet who died suddenly in his London apartment.

At first poison was suspected, but at the inquest it was revealed that death was due to "Natural causes." Women, drink, excitement, too much food and too little exercise, were the real causes.

Not yet thirty, the baronet cared little whether he brought the family name into disrepute. He lost self-respect and moral sense.

He mixed with the fastest sets and gave and attended parties that can only be described as debauches. On one occasion he and his associates tempted a young Australian actress to a revel.

There they drugged her, and, while she was unconscious, subjected her to indignities that we shall not attempt to describe. When the actress realised what had occurred her rage was such that, to save exposure, the wild men handsomely compensated her.

There is the talented relation of a famous peer who might have gone far in some reputable direction had he developed a fondness of work.

But the lure of laziness held him. A weakness for the empty, hectic life became a passion. He stooped to anything for easy money.

He posed as a baron, aided with his wits the formation of "dud" companies, passed worthless cheques and duped numerous hotels and boarding-houses.

"The Plucker"

The inevitable happened and he went to jail. And on being discharged he actually founded an impudent news agency in Fleet Street, by means of which he hoodwinked the Press—until JOHN BULL showed him in his true colours.

The downfall of many "remittance" men has been hastened by a man in whose veins flows "blue blood." He is known as "The Plucker"—a police term denoting one who ensnares the wealthy but foolish.

On one occasion he was engaged by an avaricious young waster to extract money from a rich relative by false pretences, but the intended victim was suspicious and saved a fortune.

"The Plucker" has brains. Had he decided on a useful career he might now be a big and respected figure in the City instead of what he is—a loose-living, demoralised cheat.

A history of all these cultured wasters would fill volumes. Each year adds to the sorry total.

Pace that killed

There is the son of a well-known major-general who commits every offence bar those that might land him in jail.

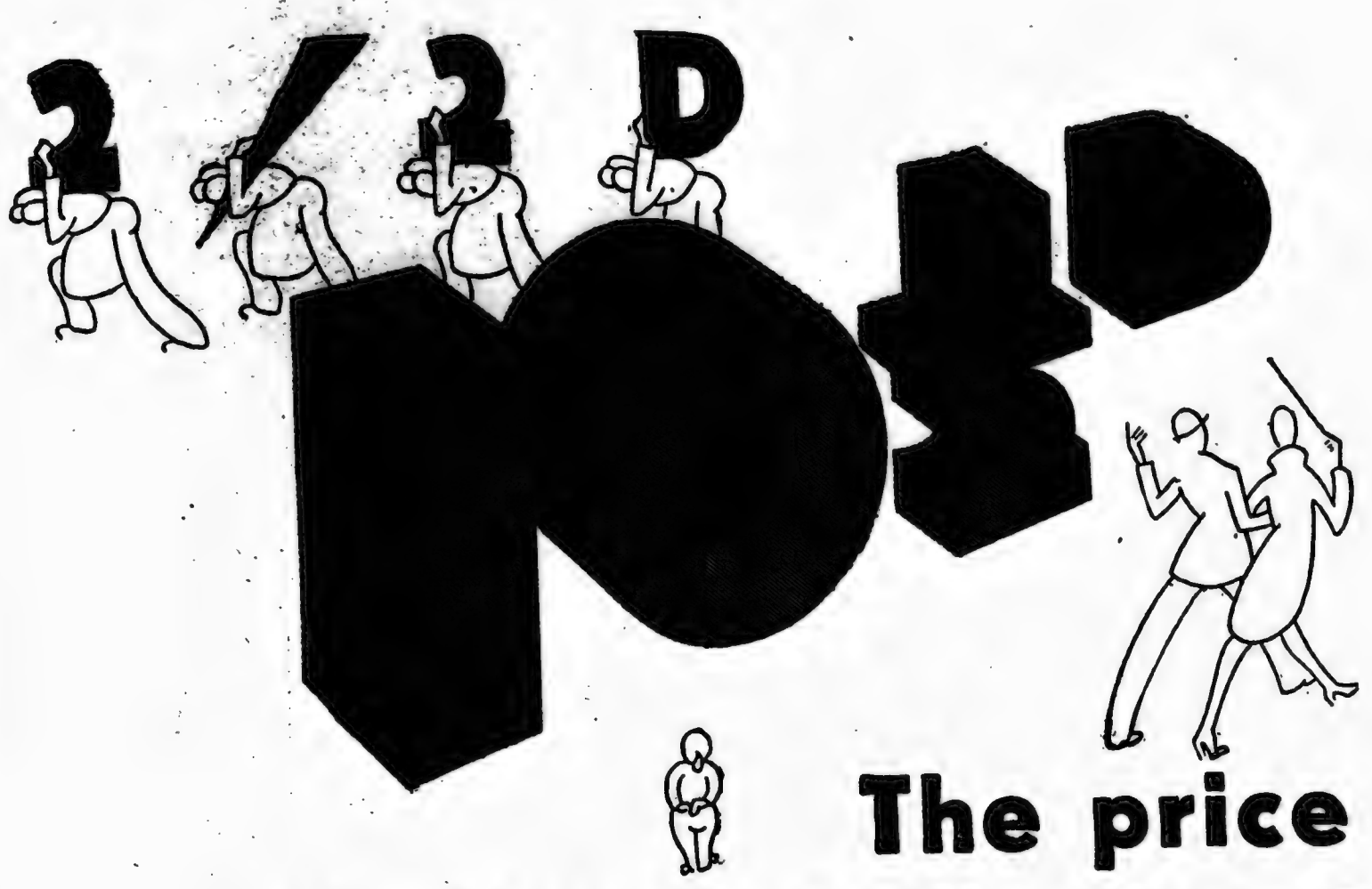
There is a young peer famous in night-club circles who married an heiress without informing her that he had nought but his title.

She divorced him when he began to squander her fortune. His luck was out.

A little while ago another young peer threw himself to his death from a window. He had exhausted his fortune and his physique. He was sated with pleasure. He was drowned in his own sea of loneliness.

Then there is the case of the Cambridge undergraduate, who shot himself after shooting his tutor and a policeman. He had been going the pace. He actually confessed that he wanted to be a crook. And he ended by being a murderer.

A condition of society in which everyone will be obliged to do some useful work is still a long way ahead. Meanwhile the wasters run their course in the sight of decent people who long for honest work.



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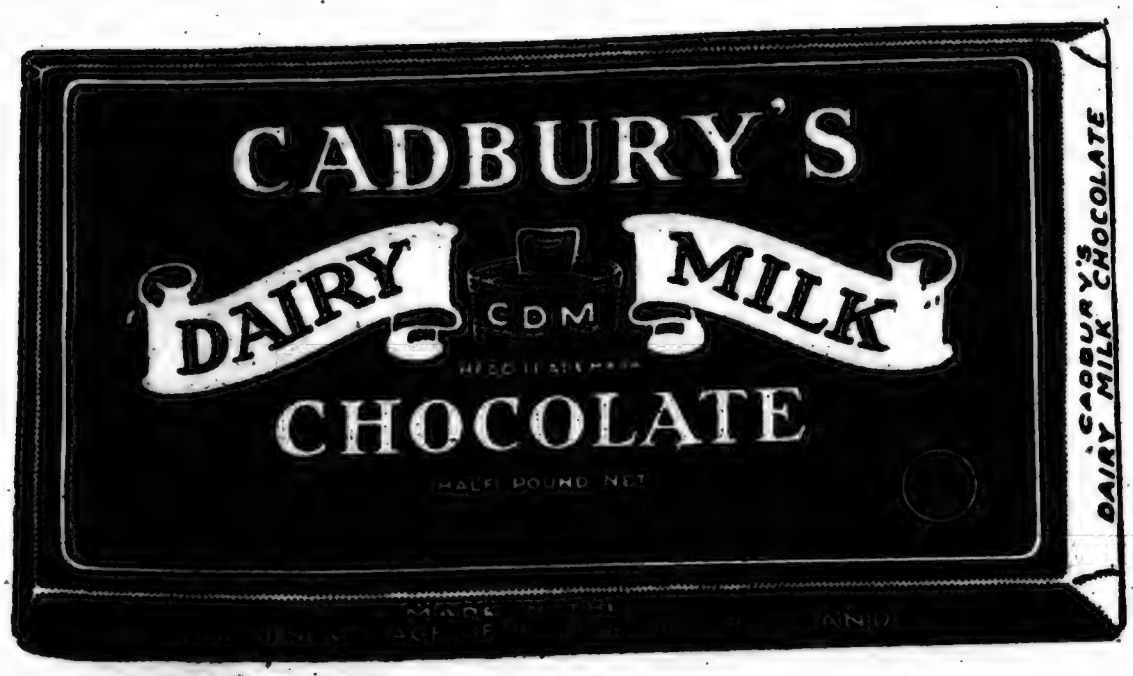

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REAL LIFE STORIES—BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

". . . A cunningly hidden trap-door in a recess. . . . The air was foul—and there were rats at the bottom"

THE FARM ON THE COAST

by

Richard Keverne

Illustrated by Tom Peddie

FOR obvious reasons, names and times and places in this story have been altered, and the story is written as though it were a personal experience.

It was not. But it is a story told to me and I have passed it on very much in the same form in which I heard it.

None of the principal characters is now alive.

* * *

When the Parson told me what he had been doing at Nether Farm that afternoon, I laughed. Obviously he was ragging.

"You've been exorcising the house!" I exclaimed. "Oh, come, Padre! You don't believe in bogies!"

But he looked curiously grave and very weary when he answered.

"Nevertheless, that's what I've been doing," he said in a non-committal way.

I laughed again, though I felt now that he was serious.

"It sounds like the Middle Ages," I retorted; "witchcraft—dark, abysmal ignorance—superstition——"

For a wonder, he reproved me.

"My dear Dick, if you really are as shocked as all that, say I've been blessing the house. No harm in that, is there?" he said, rather sharply. "Or is that a superstition, too?"

I apologised at once. I wouldn't have hurt the Parson's feelings for worlds.

"Sorry, Padre," I said. "Only—somehow—exorcism—I mean, honestly, I didn't know the Church recognised it nowadays."

"Perhaps it doesn't. But that isn't sufficient reason for refusing to help a parishioner in trouble. They thought it needed it"—he nodded towards the farm—"and I'm not sure they weren't right.

"Some new people have just bought the old place, you know. Stokes is their name. A pleasant, intelligent young couple—if superstitious."

There was still a bit of a rasp in the Parson's voice that warned me I was not yet forgiven, and that, too, was curious, for I had known the Parson all my life and never before had I seen him in this mood.

He made me suddenly serious.

"Honest, Padre," I said, "was there really a reason for it? I'm not joking, but do you mean to say the place was haunted? I mean, if you say so——"

"I don't say anything, Dick," he answered. "In fact, I've said too much as it is." Again I was impressed by the weariness in his keen, grey eyes. He looked like a man tired out, yet not unhappy.

"But these people—the Stokeses—thought it was?"

"They asked me to—to—use my offices—to—to dispel a—an unhappy aura," he said, picking his words carefully.

"Then," I said firmly, "you believed in that—aura—or you wouldn't have done it."

He nodded.

"What was it, Padre?"

I was recalling bits of the story of Nether Farm as I knew it. I remembered the tragedy of old Mrs. Candish, its last occupant, a kindly, eccentric woman, prematurely old, who had lived for years in the big room overlooking the sea, the room that had been her husband's studio.

He had been drowned before her eyes on a wild November night—I could not say how many years ago, for I was a boy at the time.

The Parson shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you mean the Candishes—the queer old girl—or her husband? Are they haunting the place still?" I went on.

"No longer, I hope," he said with odd solemnity. "You see, I—blessed—the house this afternoon." He was smiling again.

"I say, do tell me the story," I begged, amazed and immensely interested.

But he affected not to hear me.

"Have a good run down?" he asked, quite in his old, cheery way. "You look as if you could do with a bit of fresh air."

He began to talk of plans for my week's stay with him, and I could not bring him back to the subject of Nether Farm, then.

* * *

But he told me late that evening, as I guessed he would. It was a queer, grim story, that began on that wild November night so many years before.

The Parson was a young man then, newly come to his living, and with the Candishes at Nether Farm he had soon made friends.

They were an unconventional couple.

(*Continued on page 26*)

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THE FARM ON THE COAST

Continued from page 24

he said; the man a painter, the woman some years older than her husband. And she adored him.

It was pathetic, the Parson said, to see how utterly miserable she was when John Candish was away, as he often was—on business, he supposed.

May Candish—it struck me as curious to hear that queer, wizened old lady whom I had known referred to as "May"—May Candish moped about the place, caring to see nobody when her husband was not with her.

Indeed, they had few friends in that remote part of the coast, for it was before the days of motor-cars, neighbours were few, and the unconventionality of the Candishes aroused a certain suspicion among the country folk.

"That was one of the reasons," the Parson said, "why I made it my business to see them often. And I think they welcomed me. They were very lonely, and not too happy, I'm afraid."

Then he told me of that November night when, sitting late over a sermon, he was roused by a wild clamour at his front-door, and, answering it, found Mrs. Candish, soaked through with rain and spray, distraught and hardly coherent, beseeching him to come to the beach at once, for her husband had been washed away.

THE Parson's eyes screwed up in pain as he spoke of that far-off tragedy.

"They had been down to the sea, late, to look at the gale—and it was a wild one that night, a savage north-easter, as savage as any I've known in my time here. And you know, Dick, how a north-easter scours the shingle here."

I nodded. I knew well enough. In a heavy gale the sea will eat off whole stretches of the steep beach before your eyes.

The Parson roused his servants to send to the village for help, and followed Mrs. Candish back to the little gap in the low cliffs, where they had been watching the surf from the shingle.

It was a hopeless business from the beginning. There was no chance of saving the man, even could they have seen him, from that wild welter of sea. All the Parson could do was to get the unhappy woman away from the scene.

"She came," he said, "like a woman in a trance. I wanted her to come to the rectory, but she wouldn't. Clearly her mind was affected.

"She insisted on going back to her husband's studio, and my old housekeeper made her comfortable and stayed with her there. And, as perhaps you know, Dick, she never left that room again. She died there."

I did know that. I had sometimes been to see her there, though in my time they had cleared the canvases away and made of it a big, attractive bed-sitting-room.

"She said, then, that he would come back, and she must be waiting for him in the studio as she always did. And there she waited—until the end."

"AND did he come back?" I asked quickly, thinking of that unusual rite which the Parson had performed at the farm only a few hours before.

"Padre, I wouldn't believe it from any one but you; but you mean that John Candish—haunted that place?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say?" he answered, looking straight at me.

"You can," I insisted.

He hesitated for a few moments, then: "Perhaps," he said quietly.

"Anyhow, they sent for me on the night she died—it was in November too, on the anniversary of her husband's death. She was always terribly distressed round about that time.

"She always said she would die on the same day, but I'm afraid I did not pay much heed to her in that respect.

CHARLES ASHLEIGH,

Author of the recently published novel of Hobo life, "Rambling Kid," tells next week's Real Life Story:

"The Romance of a Tramp"

There was a nephew who used to visit her a good deal towards the end."

This was news to me. When he mentioned the nephew's name, I jumped. It was that of a doctor, very well known in the great world.

"I never suspected that," I exclaimed.

"Nor I," said the Parson simply. And then he rather rushed his end.

The nephew had come to him, as Mrs. Candish had done, so many years before, in the greatest distress.

"He assumed I knew much that I did not know," the Parson said. "He assumed that I knew who May Candish was, and that she was never married to her unhappy 'husband.' He assumed that I knew the tragedy of her life—and that I may have guessed."

"WHAT?" I asked, instinctively.

"The all-too-frequent other woman," the Parson answered sadly. "Poor May Candish! That was her tragedy then. Candish's many business journeys she understood only too well.

"And she, poor woman, she knew hell on earth, for I know enough to have no shadow of a doubt that he was everything in the world to her—and she was but one of many to him.

"Not that he wasn't fond of her in his way, mark you. But——" he shook his head. "However, that's neither here nor there. It was swamped in what followed."

And what followed was one of the grimmest things I ever heard in my life.

It happened on the night after the funeral. The Parson and the nephew went back to Nether Farm together. The Parson admitted frankly that he funked his duty. The nephew insisted.

To him, as she was dying, Mrs. Candish had half-told a terrible story. As the Parson put it: "It was mad—fantastic—incredible in every way."

She had babbled of her "husband" with her dying breath. She had said something which had caused her nephew the most dreadful concern.

Nether Farm was an old house. It had seen many queer doings in its time. And like most of the other farmhouses on that coast it had served the smugglers in the bad old days.

The Parson said: "We know them well enough round here, these hiding-places. They're in the churches often enough. There was one in Candish's studio—at least, the entrance to one.

"Her nephew and I went down it that night—a dozen steps leading from a cunningly hidden trap-door in a recess. May Candish's bed had covered that trap-door.

"THERE she had slept, night after night, month after month, year after year. . . . We shifted the bed and went down. The air was foul—and there were rats at the bottom." He shuddered.

"A passage ran thirty or forty yards from the foot of the steps, running towards the sea. I think it must have come out by the cliffs years ago, but it had fallen in. And at the end——"

He stopped. "Well, we found something, Dick." He put his hand to his eyes as though he wished to wipe away the sight they had once seen.

"It had been human once——"

"Candish?" I interrupted, incredulously.

"Candish," he admitted. "At least, her nephew said so. With a knife—amid the *débris*."

"You mean he'd been murdered?"

"It couldn't have been suicide," the Parson said in a hard voice.

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "What did you do?"

"We buried—the poor remains," the Parson answered in a defiant tone. "Her nephew and I between us. It took us some hours.

"We dug a grave as best we could, there, where he had died, and I recited the Committal Service over him. And then we hacked until dawn at the roof of that passage—to seal his tomb. . . ."

HE read the amazement and question in my eyes and answered me.

"Would you have done otherwise?" he demanded. "I did not think it my duty to bring disgrace upon an honoured family. What good would it have done?

"That poor woman had her punishment—think of it, my boy. The agony of jealousy she went through—before she did that terrible thing; and then the fear of discovery which she must have faced every day.

"She confessed it frankly to her nephew—as she was dying. I'm glad of that, poor soul. She can't have been responsible—no, I'm sure she wasn't," he added with conviction.

"But she said she enticed Candish down there, and killed him. And the rest of her life was spent in fear and deceit. And yet," he added quietly, "she was happy in her way."

"But, Padre——" I said aghast. "The law——"

"The law be hanged," he retorted hotly. "What could the law have done then? Stirred up a huge sensation, perhaps. Harmed a score of people and helped none.

"Perhaps, after all, we only found the remains of some poor smuggler—who can be certain?" He smiled, without shame.

I was quiet for a time. Then I asked: "But what about the exorcism, Padre?"

"That was the Stokeses' idea," he said gravely. "They've heard something of poor May Candish's tragic life. They said the house was creepy. Nerves—sheer nerves—Dick, you'll say. Perhaps it was.

"But there's no harm in trying to cure nerves—with a prayer-book—is there?—or bring peace to two uneasy spirits?" he added after a moment.

I did not ask to whose spirits he had tried to bring peace—the Stokeses' or the Candishes'.

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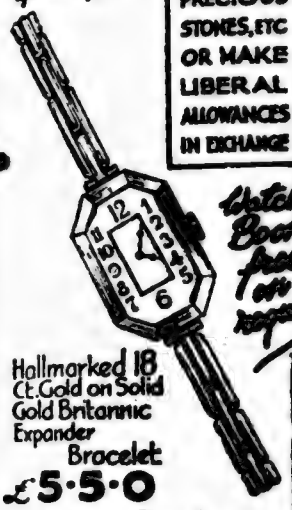

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Thousands of mothers all over the country have found in the Lifebuoy Habit the plan that works the wonder. It's a very simple habit. Just this. For a little while mother is careful to remind them, the moment they come in from school or play, to run off and have a Lifebuoy wash. In next to no time she finds them rolling up their sleeves without waiting to be told. Then the battle's over. They will never slip back; for it feels good to be treated like a grown-up, and trusted.

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And, all the time, mother is easier in her mind—she knows Lifebuoy's health-element will guard them from chance infection. Lifebuoy is more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Aunty hangs crêpe on the DRAPER'S WIFE

A MARRIED woman, I am torn between two conflicting loyalties. I never knew my father, as he died when I was a baby. I was brought up by my mother, who was one of the finest little women who ever stepped on earth.

During my childhood, my mother kept the wolf from the door by giving pianoforte lessons, and she stuck it until I left school at fifteen.

We then decided to start a little drapery shop with the few pounds that mother had when my education was finished.

It was a hard, up-hill fight, but mother worked day and night to keep the business going. I hoped she would find life easier when I married.

My lover was a traveller for a wholesale firm, and it was while calling upon us that we became acquainted. He was sure that our business only needed capital to float it into a money-making concern.

My mother had such faith in his judgment that she wrote to her only sister, a well-to-do widow, asking for a loan.

This business proposition appealed to my aunt, and, under strict safeguards, the money was forthcoming.

My husband's instinct was justified. He took the reins, and his good management, combined with my aunt's loan, eased my mother's last years and enabled her to rest content that my future was secure.

She died suddenly and unexpectedly. My aunt, whom I had never seen before, came to the funeral, and, professing great satisfaction at all she saw, made a further offer.

She suggested that she should give up her home and now invest the whole of her money in our business, providing that we took pity on her loneliness and allowed her to share our home.

I eagerly consented, and from that day to this have not known a moment's peace. The business part has more than justified expectations, but the domestic part is terrible.

My aunt nags and drives from morning to night. She has assumed the reins until I am nothing but a cipher in my own house. She orders the meals, invites whom she pleases, and even engages or dismisses servants.

If I venture upon a remonstrance she turns on me and says: "I came at your invitation, and if you don't like it I can go. But, remember, if I do, I take all my capital with me."

My life is like hell with this woman, yet because I do not wish to see my husband's enterprises collapse I don't know what to do.

"HUMANIST" says: You are entitled to be housekeeper in your own home and to preserve its peace. Talk it over with your husband, who surely will see that your life is no longer "like hell."

If your aunt takes herself off and her capital, let her. Your husband, as a competent business man, will be able to borrow at a reasonable interest elsewhere for a flourishing, going concern.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DEAUVILLE HOLIDAY
brings servant's downfall

FOR the last year I have been working as a domestic servant for well-to-do people, who always go abroad for their annual holiday.

Besides my employer and his wife, there are two children, a boy of nearly four and a girl of eleven.

This year I went with them to the fashionable seaside resort of Deauville to look after the children.

At first all went happily. The children and I had an early dinner, and then I took them for a walk while master and mistress changed for the evening.

Within a week I had made friends with a young Frenchman whom I met on one of those jaunts, and naturally enough he asked me if I couldn't meet him one day alone.

This I contrived one night by slipping out to post a letter after the children were in bed and their parents at dinner.

At the same time I safeguarded myself by asking a maid with another family staying in the same hotel to come along as well.

Trouble has resulted from this girl playing me false. When she saw I was meeting a French boy she said we had better stroll on alone as she was going back. There was nothing for it but for me to walk along the promenade with my friend.

On my return towards the hotel I espied this girl talking to my master. I passed, and she muttered: "You're in for a hell of a row."

On the terrace my mistress stood with two or three of the guests taking coffee. She looked very angry. Afraid of the storm breaking before these fashionable folks, I didn't dare turn in, but walked on, along a secluded road.

Here two gendarmes told me it was not safe for "a young English grisette" to be strolling there alone, and escorted me back to the hotel.

When I arrived I found a note pinned to the door of the children's room, saying I was to sleep in another room and to pack ready to be sent back to England.

In the morning my explanations were not listened to. I was given the balance of my month's wages, a ticket for the boat and ten shillings for rail fare up to London.

Now I am penniless, without home or references with which to get another situation, and I shall be glad of your advice.

"HUMANIST" says: Your employers took a drastic way of marking their displeasure. You are entitled to a month's wages in lieu of notice. They can, if they wish, withhold a reference.

Get into touch with the Girls' Friendly Society.

PLUCKY FIGHT
must bring victory

I AM a "dole" hater. Yet for the last seven years all my fight for a living has come to nought.

Beginning with a tiny capital of £200, I invested it in a little drapery business and lost the lot. I am not idle, I work hard, but whatever I take up ends in disaster.

Five weeks ago I secured a job as van driver, and the very same day I was involved in a collision, and though no blame whatever attached to me, I was dismissed.

Again I found an opening, only to sustain an injury that took all I had earned for the week to set right.

I have the best wife in the world, but her pinched and worried face begins to haunt my dreams. I wonder if I was born under some unlucky star as nothing I can set my hand to ever prospers?

"HUMANIST" says: Don't lose heart. Yours is the common luck of thousands suffering from trade depression. But we have touched rock bottom now, and when the upward trend begins you, with others, will get your chance.

Meanwhile keep cheerful and you will keep fit.

Are You Watching OUR FOOTBALL EXPERT?

OUR Football Expert is still well on the target. For the matches played on September 6 he gave no fewer than 29 correct results.

His special selections, coded in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life*, were even more striking. Six results were forecast—all of them were correct!

Forecasts for Matches played on September 20

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) ARSENAL v. Leicester.
**(2) WEDNESDAY v. Manchester U.
(3) PORTSMOUTH v. Birmingham.
*(4) ASTON VILLA v. Liverpool.
(5) BLACKBURN v. Sunderland.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Leeds.
*(7) CHELSEA v. Bolton.
(8) DERBY v. Grimsby.
(9) HUDDERSFIELD v. Middlesbrough.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Sheffield U.
(11) NEWCASTLE v. West Ham.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Burnley.
(2) BRADFORD v. Preston.
(3) Barnsley v. OLDHAM.
(4) Bristol City v. CHARLTON.
(5) BURY v. W.B. Albion.
(6) CARDIFF v. Bradford City.
(7) EVERTON v. Port Vale.
(8) MILLWALL v. Notts Forest.
(9) Plymouth v. Swansea.
(10) READING v. Southampton.
(11) Stoke v. Tottenham.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern Section).

(1) NOTTS v. Plymouth.
**(2) BRENTFORD v. Gillingham.
(3) Orient v. Swindon.
**(4) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Newport.
*(5) NORTHAMPTON v. Exeter.
(6) NORWICH v. Coventry.
**(7) Q.P. RANGERS v. Walsall.
(8) SOUTHEND v. Bristol Rovers.
(9) Thames v. Fulham.
(10) TORQUAY v. Brighton.
(11) WATFORD v. Luton.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern Section).

**(1) WREXHAM v. Crewe.
(2) Carlisle v. ACCRINGTON.
(3) DARLINGTON v. Halifax.
(4) HARTLEPOOLS v. Gateshead.
(5) Hull v. CHESTERFIELD.
*(6) LINCOLN v. Doncaster.
(7) NELSON v. New Brighton.
**(8) ROTHERHAM v. Barrow.
(9) Wigan v. Stockport.
**(10) TRANMERE v. Rochdale.
(11) York v. SOUTHPORT.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE v. Aberdeen.
(2) HEARTS v. Hibernians.
(3) Leith Athletic v. MORTON.
(4) Motherwell v. Hamilton.
*(5) PARTICK v. Clyde.
(6) ST. MIRREN v. Kilmarnock.
(7) Airdrie v. Falkirk.
(8) Ayr United v. QUEEN'S PARK.
(9) Celtic v. Rangers.
*(10) COWDENBEATH v. East Fife.

WINNERS IN CODE

Probable winners are set in CAPITALS. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL special selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Saturday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home team and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—2(*H*); Southern Section—2(*H*), 4(*H*), 7(*H*); Northern Section—1(*H*), 8(*H*), 10(*H*). This would indicate Wednesday, Brentford, Crystal Palace, Q.P. Rangers, Wrexham, Rotherham, and Tranmere—seven home teams.

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keep fit and see the beauty of Britain

The joy of walking depends on comfortable footwear.
To keep black and brown shoes fit for walking use

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette.
In Tins with easy openers
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which gives a brilliant, preservative shine and makes the leather supple.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., Chiswick, W.4.

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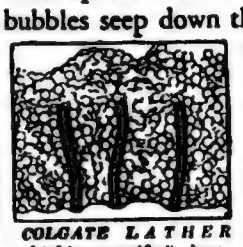
THE two things you want in a shave; speed and smoothness, are yours when you use Colgate "small bubble" lather. The small diagrams will show you just why small bubbles will give a better, longer lasting shave. Colgate lather suits your face, it gives you a smooth, faster and cleaner shave altogether.

For the minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The Soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair; 2. Billions of tiny moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard—and soak it soft with water. Instantly your beard gets moist . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . so that your razor can do its best work.

ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER (highly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which cannot bring sufficient water to soften the base of the beard.



COLGATE LATHER (highly magnified) showing how small bubbles bring quantities of water right down to the base of each whisker.

Shaving Stick and Refill ... ... 10d.
In nickel box... ... ... 1/-
Handy-Grip Stick 1/6

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"Gives a shave that lasts 2 hours longer"

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"VECO" CORSELETTES

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VOLLERS (Dept. J.B), Kingston Road
PORTSMOUTH.

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I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO

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A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to

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200% PROFIT

Write to-day for descriptive leaflet "How to Raise Money for Charities."

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Our Letter Parliament

What the EMPIRE Means to Me

THE British Empire inspires me with a feeling of confidence, safety and gratitude.

I am proud to claim membership of it, because in this age of dictatorship I am at least allowed a personal freedom unknown elsewhere in the world.

In the Empire, I see a concrete effort made at human uplift.

The Empire to me is my birthright, and one I would not lightly give up under any circumstances.—*H. J. Hooper, Scotland.*

Ancient Relics

To me the Empire is an aggravation of the reactionary nationalism which is hindering the progress and imperilling the peace of the world.

It is connected in my mind with flags and uniforms, relics of mediævalism.

It represents a method of government long ago proved unjust and self-destructive.

Where there is Empire there is inequality, and where there is inequality there can be no justice.—*David Wilson, Belfast.*

A Challenge

I regard the Empire as a monument to the achievements of gallant ancestors, and a power bequeathed to us in full confidence that it would ensure the prosperity of our race for all time.

But the Empire also holds a reproach and a challenge—a reproach that we have not made the most of our stewardship, and a challenge to prove that we are not inferior to our forefathers in courage and resource.—*Natalian, N. Wales.*

For Peace

The most potent factor towards the peace of the world is the British Empire.

With her far-flung Dominions united in bonds of kinship and affection, her mighty influence for the good of mankind cannot be gainsaid.

She stands, as she always has, for individual freedom as surely to-day as she did in her fight against the slave traffic or against the threat to civilisation in the Great War.—*C. W. F., Ibstock.*

Nothing—Everything

The Empire means nothing to me if "Empire" is used as an expression of the arrant jingoism of England throughout history.

The British Empire has been built by military conquest, annexation, and "peaceful penetration." Now it occupies twelve million square miles of the earth.

It means less than nothing to me if these conquered lands and peoples are to be exploited for our benefit.

But as a "League of Nations," as a potential nucleus of that World-State of which H. G. Wells has taught us to dream, the Empire means everything to me.—*J. B., Abercynon.*

Empty Bellies

"Empire," a wonderful word. Yes, I once thought it worth fighting for. Now, well, I wonder?

Once, a good job, a happy home, everything that made life pleasant. Then, indeed, I took pride in Empire and flag.

To-day, home gone, job gone, happiness gone, and all because I thought that Empire worth fighting for.

Empire boasts may swell the breasts of the patriotic, but it won't swell the stomachs of the out-of-work ex-soldier. —*E. Graves, Hull.*

Sailor's Pride

As an ex-Navy man, I have visited most ports of our Empire during my twenty-five years' service.

It has been with pride, not unmixed with wonder, that I have realised what a huge percentage of the world call the British Isles "Mother Country."

To me, also, Empire means a united front to the world, ever flying the flag of freedom, and zealous in the cause of justice and fair dealing.—*H. L., Gourock.*

Silly Tosh

Day in and day out I work at a routine job in order to keep body and soul together.

With nothing to spare and every need, the sloppy, sentimental talk about what the "grand old Empire" has done for us annoys me in the extreme.

How much of the Empire do I own? Not even my own back garden.—*Clerk, Hants.*

Pocket Liners

To me, the Empire represents vast lands, rich in mineral and other values, which in days long ago were conquered and claimed for England by enterprising Britishers.

To-day these lands are exploited by sweating employers, misnamed Britons, who, whilst they call themselves patriots, are solely concerned in lining their pockets with the ill-gotten gains of their many nefarious activities.—*J. M. James, Glam.*

Security

The Empire means a lot to me. Like others, I answered its call some fifteen years ago.

It recognised my services after I had been crippled for life by giving me a good pension.

Apart from this, the Empire is the British Empire, a name to be proud of, for that name stands for security the world over, for turning out the finest dare-devils, and for earning a motto, "If it's British, it's dependable."—*Kennedy Scott, Hanley.*

Exploit and Sweat

It means nothing to me that Britain has vast lands in Canada, Australia, Africa, India, where foreigners have good jobs and British emigrants are workless and starving.

It is nothing to me that British companies have gold-mines in South Africa and oil-wells in Australia.

Wherever wealth in mineral form has been discovered, there the British capitalist has gone, exploiting and sweating the native workers, heaping up fortunes.

But what has the British working man got out of it? An "Empire" to be proud of! I don't think.—*British Worker, Yorks.*

Half Lies

Half of what I was taught at school about "our mighty Empire and brotherhood of men" I have had painfully to unlearn since.

The old scholastic teaching creates a wrong impression, and is contrary to the actual facts.

What sincerity of purpose is there associated with the constant animosities of emigration restrictions, tariff quarrels, racial prejudice and the competition for independence?—*H. L. Pipe, Clacton.*

* * *

Snaps

A brotherhood in which fair play is the main factor.—*W. W., Hartlepool.*

If nothing more, the Empire means a reduction in my annual tobacco bill.—*Nicotine, Angus.*

Bad as are the conditions in some districts, there is not a man in this Empire who is not richer than the man in other lands.—*E. Robinson, Stoke-on-Trent.*

The Empire is a big union of brothers, and as such we have as a duty to be ready to defend ourselves to the last ditch.—*A Brither Scot, Streatham.*

To me the Empire means safety and world-peace in the stormy times before us.—*J. A. Haywood, Sheffield.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, Sept 23.

What Good my Holiday has Done Me

Race with "Silver Ring"

More Like SINGAPORE!

THE success of Singapore in the St. Leger and Oletta's victory in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester have brought me a large number of bouquets (much preferable to bricks).

I hope my correspondents got on to Singapore at 33 to 1—his rate early in August when first tipped in JOHN BULL.

The acceptors for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and the prospect of landing a small fortune for a nimble outlay on the "double," prompt me to pick out a few likely ones for the big handicaps.

In the long-distance race Coaster, probably the most improved four-year-old in training, and the massive Richborough catch the eye; and I have more than a sneaking regard for Lemon Car, at 7 st. 13 lb.

I made a particular note of Lemon Car at Kempton, when unplaced, over two miles, to Prospice. He had 9 st. up and struck me as being as fat as a barrel.

Nevertheless, he ran exceptionally well. Walter Griggs has plenty of time to get him into better shape and, on his form last year, he must stand a great chance.

F. Darling holds a strong hand in the Cambridgeshire, but it is absurd to attempt to foretell the Beckhampton plans at this early stage.

Lion Hearted, unlucky in the Hunt Cup and running on at the finish, is nicely in; and I give Qurrat-al-Ain and Ballyferis a good word.

My half-dozen might be mixed up in win-and-place "doubles" as follows:

Lemon Car and Lion Hearted.
Coaster and Qurrat-al-Ain.
Richborough and Ballyferis.

Have a little on Bachelor's Date at Windsor this week-end, and try Osculator and Red Wullie for the Saturday "double."

SINGAPORE,
when 33 to 1, was
"SILVER RING'S"
selection for the
ST. LEGER

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, Sept. 18, to Wednesday, Sept. 24.

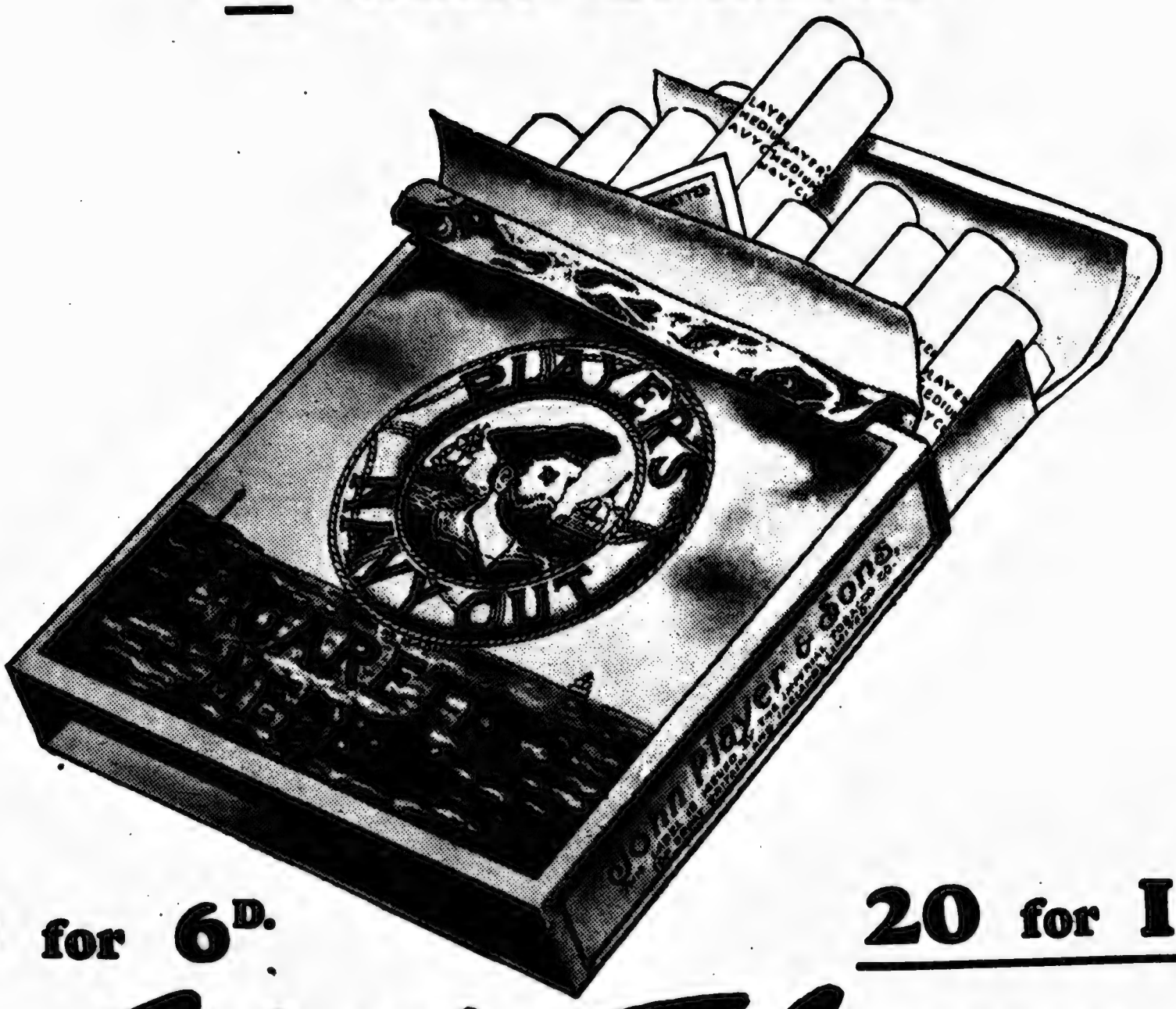
E	2	K	8	A	W	3	L	Z	U	5	D	Y	V	N
M	T	F	9	I	B	C	Q	H	G	R	P	X	J	O

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. 2IUMOP would read TAG END.

"SILVER RING"

PLAYERS

PREFER TO GIVE QUALITY IN THEIR CIGARETTES



10 for 6D. **20 for 11½D.**

It's the Tobacco that Counts

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited. NCC.926

"There is no need to diet myself NOW!" so writes one of thousands of sufferers who have found relief.

AN EFFECTIVE MEANS of ridding the system of excess acidity which is the root cause of

INDIGESTION,

Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, etc., is to be found by taking a short course of—

Dr Jenners ABSORBENT LOZENGES

The Lozenges act in a wonderful way by counteracting the acidity of the stomach. They are harmless, pleasant, and there is no need to have recourse to special diet.

Of all Chemists. In Boxes 1/3, 3/- & 5/-
FREE SAMPLE for Trial will be sent on receipt of coupon addressed to Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

JB

You'll walk on air

when you win "John Bull's"

ALL your clouds will roll away and you'll feel you are walking on air when this big prize comes to you. This is no idle flight of fancy. Everyone has an equal opportunity of winning JOHN BULL's fair-for-all Crossword, and *you* may be the winner this week. Take the first step now by filling in the squares below.

£50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

must-be-won

X-WORD

JOHN BULL will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 82, appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry — entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), Sept. 25th. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 2nd. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 9th. Result of Crossword No. 79 appears on page 36.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 82), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, **September 25th.**

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co. /— and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the **£600** prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, October 9th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the **£600** prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, October 14th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

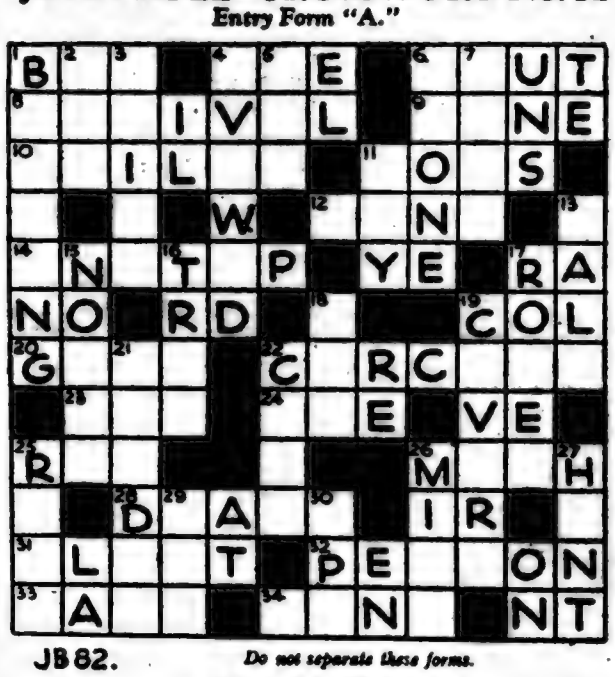
14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), September 23th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 82

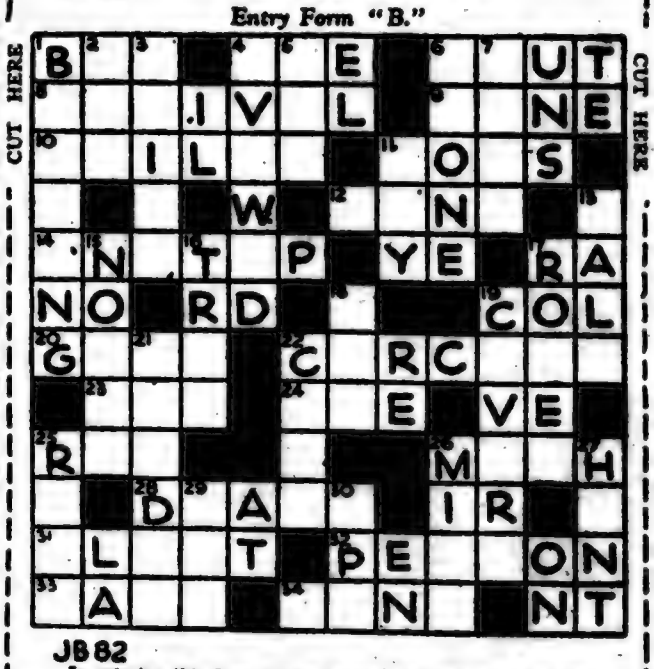
Entry Form "A."



JB 82.

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 82

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No. .....

These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), September 25th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

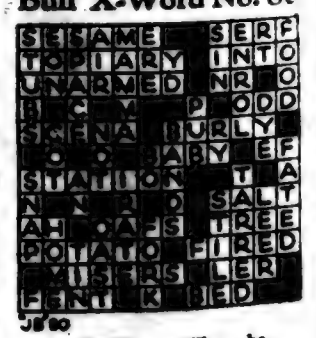
1. WE SLEEP IN IT.
4. CONSUMED.
6. CLOSED.
8. ACT OF ARRIVING.
9. MELODY.
10. IS HANDY WITH A NEEDLE.
11. USUALLY KEPT ON A FARM.
12. CAMPERS FIND USEFUL.
14. PART OF THE FOOT.
20. BLOOD.
22. DEAD BODY.
23. OBSERVE.
24. CRUDE MINERAL.
25. BRIGHT COLOUR.
26. SPACE BETWEEN KNOTS IN A NET.
28. CLERICS.
31. RAIN MINGLED WITH SNOW.
32. SMALL FLAG CARRIED ON A LANCE.
33. NOBLEMAN.
34. BECOMES OVERGROWN WHEN NEGLECTED.

Clues Down.

1. ENJOYABLE IN THE SUNSHINE.
2. AN AGE.
3. WASHING ON THE LINE DOES THIS.
4. DECLARED.
5. BY-PRODUCT OF COAL.
6. FOUND IN A PLUM.
7. A FLAPPER LIKES THESE.
11. SUN MAKES THIS PERFECT.
13. SHOWS STRENGTH.
15. LOOPED ROPE.
16. GIVES SHADE IN GARDEN.
17. ENGLISH FLOWERS.
18. USED IN MUSIC.
19. DEEP HOLLOW IN THE EARTH.
21. MORE THAN 25 ACROSS.
22. ABUNDANT IN U.S.A.
25. FLAMES DO IN CONFLAGRATION.
26. WORKING THIS MAY BRING YOU MONEY.
27. FOX GAVE THE HOUNDS.
29. LONG FISH.
30. HEALTH RESORT.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 80



JB 80

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 80 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

THREE 12/6 SHIRTS FOR 21/-

FOR **1/-** DOWN

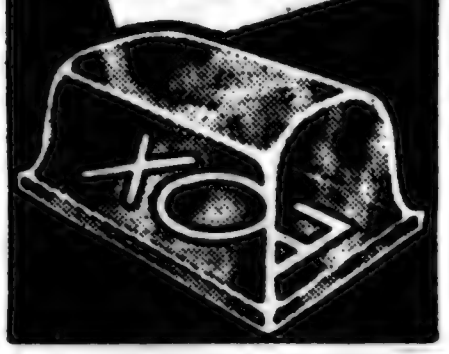
2 COLLARS WITH EACH SHIRT

It is impossible to find such value as this elsewhere. These shirts are equal to a 25/- shirt. Woven Poplin Tailor-made. Two collars with each shirt. Three shirts for 21/-. Send 1/- and collar measurement. No further payment required until you have had the shirts one month, then 4/- monthly to complete purchase. Keep your money for a rainy day—Avail yourself of Blanfords long credit system.

JOHN BLANFORD, LTD. (Dept. JB.62)
1, 3 & 5 BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

WHY eat ordinary peppermints when, for the asking, you can enjoy the finest peppermints in the world?

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS



Write to "John Bull" About It!

G. K. (Stanmore).—"Cocktails give one an appetite." For cocktails?

F. H. (Maidenhead).—"What is a constellation?" * * * * *

B. P. (Hoxton).—"I can crow over everybody down our street." But you are not in the same street with us.

S. Y. C. (Wigan).—"He dismissed my speech as so much inflammatory trash." Made light of much gas, in fact.

MIKE (Cupar).—"My wife has been leading me a dog's life lately." So you have a bone to pick with her?

C. E. F. (Burnley).—"It's the man who doesn't hesitate to say 'I will' who is a success." Or a bigamist.

G. S. P. (Perth).—"It is going to be a neck-and-neck race for the League championship." And foot by foot.

E. J. (Barnet).—"Hundreds of British subjects are born at sea every year." Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. S. (Guildford).—"My husband hates parting with money." Then apparently he's not a fool.

SINGLE (Purley).—"I hear long clothes for women are coming in again." And long faces for men at the same time.

H. P. (Palmers Green).—"Many footballers are still looking for clubs." Yet referees are armed with whistles only.

BILL (Newmarket).—"A German has invented an automatic lock for coffins." Complete with skeleton keys?

D. K. (Clapham).—"The House of Lords is a bad place in which to hear." That is not always a drawback.

WAL (Southampton).—"I'm not afraid to look myself in the face." Sir, you're a brave man.

OBSERVANT (Ryde).—"It's disgraceful the way people leave litter about." Particularly when they leave it at our office and call it letters.

R. P. (Staines).—"I know a woman who has two quite distinct voices." We heard one on the telephone the other day who hadn't even one distinct voice.

N. J. (Tottenham).—"London is a clean and tidy city." No wonder. Every day we read that the police are either scouring or combing the place.

D. M. (Penicuik).—"Lot's wife looked back, we read, and then turned into a pillar of salt." Nowadays, lots of wives do the same thing, and then turn into the shop and buy the hat.

S. C. (Bristol).—"Has the Socialist M.P. who considers toppers unsuitable headgear for his fellow-Members any alternative to suggest?" Gas-masks seem very appropriate.

R. N. (Goole).—"During a boxing match in America one of the contestants was knocked out by a spectator, who in turn was knocked out by the other boxer." Apparently the referee escaped.

G. D. (Chester).—"In America a cat was presented with two medals for giving an alarm of fire." The animal probably regards the decorations as a nuisance if they tinkle on mouse-hunting expeditions.

D. K. T. (Kennington).—"A famous wicket-keeper says he always uses chewing-gum during a match." A piece parked in the palm of the hand would probably increase his ability to hold hot chances.

Mrs. P. (Carlisle).—"A German opera-singer has created a new record by singing for seventeen hours." The baby decided to stop crying and go to sleep then, we understand.

P. N. (Willesden).—"Our new cook is very tall." But do you think she will stay long?

N. H. (Bradford).—"What shall I do if my invention doesn't work?" You'll have to.

B. S. K. (Henley).—"Simple folk are usually the most generous." They often give themselves away.

L. S. (Stoke).—"My husband is never satisfied with the meals." Perhaps you give him the cold shoulder too often.

L. H. (Ipswich).—"I have developed the habit of talking to myself; what can I do about it?" Become a ventriloquist and make money out of it.

L. V. (S.W.5).—"Many of London's statues are crumbling away—but only very slowly, of course." That's just the trouble.

WILLING (Leyton).—"If a girl can't get married she must put a good face on her misfortune." If she puts it on herself, she stands a chance.

B. R. (Reading).—"If Shakespeare were alive now he would be amazed." So would anybody else who lived to be nearly four hundred years old.

P. N. (Sonning).—"My husband refuses to give me money for a new frock." If you don't at first succeed, cry, cry, cry again.

HISTORIAN (Ely).—"Queen Elizabeth had three thousand dresses when she died." We have heard from men who complain that their wives have had that already.

J. B. (Stanmore).—"There are not enough really hot days." All too phew!

L. F. (Deal).—"I wrote to you on the 13th." It *would* be the 13th.

S. B. (Bristol).—"A man never knows his real value." Until he is sued for breach of promise.

P. N. (Nuneaton).—"I do my physical jerks just before going to bed." It's never too late to bend.

D. K. (Mistley).—"I have been haunted for days by a song I sang over fifteen years ago." Murder!

G. K. (Iver).—"I take a sharp walk every morning and finish with a sprint." Many men catch their trains like that.

T. B. (Peacehaven).—"We are going to get married and are busy feathering our nest." With a little down?

P. N. (Cheam).—"I'm to meet him in a battle of wits." How brave of you to go unarmed!

G. N (Bristol).—"The dance was a failure because so few men were there." Not enough to go round, in fact.

R. E. (Taunton).—"Where is the clinging type of girl to-day?" On some pillion or other.

S. W. K. (Evesham).—"You can always tell a married man." But even bachelors look worried sometimes.

S. F. (Highgate).—"A cousin of mine has just walked into a fortune." We hope he won't run through it.

S. A. (Kingston).—"Most office staffs are back at work now after the holidays." Our office-boy is merely back.

F. K. (Twickenham).—"People with sedentary occupations don't take enough exercise." But book-reviewers do a lot of skipping.

J. G. (Hereford).—"They kept pestering me, so at last I agreed to recite." Well, they shouldn't have annoyed you like that.

T. F. G. (Barnsley).—"What would you do with a wife who is continually singing popular songs?" Drown her—with the music from a *Bullets* Radio Gramophone we offer on page 35 this week.

P. N. (York).—"In America a man won a wife in a raffle." We understand that he is devoting the rest of his life to a fervent support of the anti-gambling crusade.

GLADYS (Brighton). — "I couldn't count the proposals I have had this summer on the fingers of both hands." Can you count on the young men who made the proposals?

J. B. K. (Ealing).—"When she told me I had no sense of values, I thought she was going a bit too far." Quite right; she ought to have stopped at "nonsense."

THE EDITOR REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

T. L. (Bedford).—"I am sure that she doesn't care a rap." Try a ring.

F. V. (Barnet).—"Can you guess what cured me of eating cold mutton?" Eating cold mutton.

R. W. (Yarmouth).—"I have not earned a penny as a result of three months' fishing." No catch.

MAJOR S. (Mayfair).—"I desire not only good wages, but opportunities." To spend them?

J. W. (Eccles).—"What do I need to prevent me continually seeing specks floating about in front of my eyes?" Specs.

T. G. (Torquay).—"He travels in suitlengths, but he is also a comedian." He believes in combining the cloth with the stage.

W. R. H. (Egham).—"A Frenchman recently won a bet by entering a restaurant with a lion." Had he maintained that waiters *could* move swiftly?

J. K. (Hackney).—"A London barber claims to have shaved 6,000 faces." We understand, however, that his voice is as clear as ever and he very seldom has a husky throat even at the end of the day.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"The boy was ALONE and there was 'ANOTHER CHAP' with him."

THE BLACK MASK MAGAZINE ("The Silver Eagle"):—"A voice WAS PEEPING almost mechanically from across the room."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"Wanted, rough DONKEY AND CART; no expensive ONE need apply."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"The bait was STEWED WHEAT and GENTILES."

SOUTH WALES GAZETTE:—"The dish is divided into TWO EQUAL compartments by a partition, the LARGER for sweets and the SMALLER for the deposit of fruit stones."

WOMAN'S WORLD:—"'Are you Mrs. LARNER?' 'Yes, sir. I'm Phil's HUSBAND.'"

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"Many familiar FACES are to be seen DINING AND DANCING."

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST:—"A month ago 1,326 Americans were granted visas to travel to England in ONE DAY. THAT WAS EASILY A RECORD."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"He raised the alarm and BLYTH FIRE BRIGADE, under Capt. ———, was quickly EXTINGUISHED."

"THE APE" (Novel):—"I so manœuvred my BODY that it was BETWEEN MYSELF AND THE PRIEST."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"Both the padlocks on the doors are MISSING, but they REVEAL NO MARK OF DAMAGE."

HELP FOR ANÆMIC GIRLS.

"I feel so wretched and miserable that I can't help crying." Perhaps nothing is more typical of the anæmic girl than the feelings of depression and low spirits that so often assail her and reduce her to a state of tears. Another thing that marks the victim of anæmia is the pallor of her face and lips; then, again, she usually has a poor appetite, always feels languid, and suffers from headaches, backaches and palpitation.

Remember this, you pale anæmic girls, only one thing can banish anæmia—new rich blood. The one medicine which can be relied upon to provide this is Dr. Williams' pink pills. That is the reason why so many girls and women swear by them, for these pills actually create new blood. You can readily prove this by looking into your mirror after you have been taking Dr. Williams' pink pills for a little while; the new blood will show in your pink cheeks and in the lining membranes of your eyelids.

Feel the joy and vigour that pure rich blood will infuse into your system by taking a course of these pills now. All chemists sell them, 3s. 0d. box; but ask for Dr. Williams'—nothing else will do.

Free.—No girl should miss reading the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.G. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

FREE ECZEMA CURE.

Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for Skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.25, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A 12/6 WOOLLEN PULLOVER WITH EVERY PAIR OF BOOTS FOR 1/6 DOWN

A Remarkable Offer. Blanford's famous Box Calf Derby Boots, guarantees all leather, double soles and leather linings. Price 22/6 and a FREE PULLOVER with every pair. Blue, grey and brown backgrounds with designs in contrasting shades, sent at once with your order. Thus the boots at 22/6 less the Pullover, costs you only 10/-. Boots, sizes 6 to 11, sent post free on first payment of 1/6. No further payment required for one month: then 4/- monthly to complete purchase. Also send shade of Pullover preferred.

JOHN BLANFORD, LTD. (DEPT. J.B.S.)
1, 2, & 3, BATH ST CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Price 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300 pills).

Obtainable at these prices post free from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited, Dispensing Chemists,
(Dpt. J.B.25), 42, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4, and branches.
Most Chemists (including Boots) obtain to order at short notice.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

NOTHING into SOMETHING!

MR. ADAMS is an honest, keen-eyed ex-Service man, who, given the chance, would make good in any undertaking. The years that he might have spent profitably learning some trade were given to the war. He enlisted at the age of sixteen and was twenty when he was discharged in 1920. His Army record is "Very good."

Being an unskilled labourer, and finding his delicate physical appearance against him, he set up for himself as a rag, iron and metal dealer.

With only a few shillings capital, he built up a regular connection by fair dealing, and was able to make on an average a profit of £3 10s. per week.

How comes it that he is now penniless, receiving from the Public Assistance Committee £1 per week in food-tickets in return for a day's test-work?

We give the answer in his own words: "Then came sickness, which swept aside all I had built up and left me with less than I had started with."

He was six weeks in hospital, where he underwent an operation.

He had to move from rooms at 8s. 8d. a week to a L.C.C. house at 14s. 11d., which entails a long trudge to his "lock-up," for which he pays 5s. a week. He does not grudge the journey, for, he says, "the change has made our kiddies."

The kiddies number four: a step-daughter, for whom his wife receives 10s. a week; and his own bairns, a boy of seven, a girl of three and an infant of seven weeks.

The birth of the last child is another cause of his financial trouble. "I had the wife confined," he explained, "and that brought me down to nothing again."

To change that *nothing* into *something* is an undertaking our readers will feel glad to put their hands into their pockets to accomplish.

All donations sent to the Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These——" Fund, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, will add to Mr. Adams' something.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. R. (Bolton), 6d.; Mrs. Sophia Davy, 6d.; J. A. (Flute), 2s. 6d.; L. C. (Longsight), 1s. 6d.; That's Me, 6d.; Charles Griffin, 6d.; "?" 2s.; E. J. Montandon (Capel), 1s.; M. E. T. (Burton Latimer), 1s.; Anon., 2s.; Anon. (Maidstone), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; L. H. (Worcester Park), 5s.; Thankful Reader (Bedford), 5s.; Anon. (Bristol), 14s.; Anon. (Tooting), 6d.; Anon. (Storrington), 6d.; Taylor (Moldgreen), 6d.; A Reader, 1s.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s. 6d.; Live and Let Live (Sudbury), 2s.; Darlington, 2s. 6d.; Ida (Shortlands), 5s.; Vivian Thomas (Camborne), 5s.; Mrs. C. Broadwater (Shortlands), 5s.; Anon. (Tidworth), 10s.; J. A. M. G., 10s.; M. Underwood, £1; "Copenhagen" (Liverpool), 5s.; A Ninth (Coventry), 9½d.; L. A. C., 1s. 6d.; A Friend, 1s.; Mrs. Broughton (Apperley Bridge), 1s.; Rosie (Colchester), 5s.; W. S. (Shrewsbury), 5s.; Mr. A. Thornton (Enfield), 1s. 6d.; Pimple, 2s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; Wm. Douglas (Edinburgh), 2s.; Honey Hole (Stacksteads), 2s.; H. O. (Lancaster), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Stevenage), 3s.; Ulcebyte (Lincs), 5s.; L. S. (Bulwell), 5s.; In Memory (Coventry), 5s.; C. A. D., 10s. 6d.; Mrs. A. R. Brown (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Herne Hill, 10s.; Peter (Ipswich), 5s.; Notson (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Greenwood (Todmorden), 2s. 6d.; G. M. P. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; Mary Colquhoun (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; Kitty and Cyril, 2s.; In His Name (E.G.), 2s.; Tockington, 2s.; In Memory of Jimmy Boy, 1s.; C. P. H. (Scotland), 2s.; W. J. C. (Inverness), 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; M. and E. E., 2s.; Tennisite (Bristol), 2s. 6d.; Mary, 5s.; Albert Garner (Chorley), 1s.; Mr. W. R. Crosley, 1s.; A. B., 5s.

We thank L. M. Tasker for parcel of clothing and V. H. Townsend for box of chocolates for a kiddy.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

LAUGHTER & TRAGEDY *sometimes go hand in hand*

How danger appears suddenly when least expected is illustrated in graphic fashion by the death of one of our readers, Mr. J. M. Robbins, of 42, Harbour Road, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset. He was swimming out to his motor-boat which had come adrift. He got into difficulties and was drowned. To his widow, JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for £250 under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance.

"John Bull" Pays £250 for Bathing Fatality

We give below the names of a few of our Readers who have recently received Benefits.

FIRE, up to £400.

WOLVERHAMPTON, — Mrs. V. Watton, 124, Bilston Road.

ASHTON-UPON-MERSEY, MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. Take, 7, Stamford Street.

WREATH, SALFORD. — Mrs. J. McGuiness, 5, Trent Street.

BECONTREE, ESSEX. — Mr. F. Collings, 252, Valence Circus.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. R. A. Thomas, 36, Darnicombe Street, Moss Lane East.

WIDNESONE, SOMERSET.—Mrs. W. J. Parker, Pind Street.

NR. PORT TALBOT, GLAM.—Mrs. E. Harries, 12, Heol-y-coed, Glyn Corrwg.

LANGLEY MOOR, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. Campbell, 69, High St. North.

WILLINGHAM, CAMBS.—Mr. A. J. Hart, Silver Street.

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. Mittens, 6/3, Bailey Street.

GLASGOW.—Mrs. James Harrison, 33, Rolland Street, Maryhill.

STORM, FLOOD, up to £300.

STOKESLEY S.O., YORKS.—Mr. John Clark, Mill House.

CHARLESWORTH, NR. MANCHESTER.—Mr. J. Moran, 7, Coombes Lane.

COXHOE, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. J. Sewell, 1, Carr's Bldgs., Cornforth Lane.

WOOTTON, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Mr. W. Lock, Hayden, High Street.

SLEIGHTS, S.O., YORKS.—Mr. G. E. Hobson, 3, The Carrs.

SICKNESS, £5-5-0

OXFORD.—Miss E. W. Lindars, Oxford Road, Tetsworth.

COLYTON, DEVON.—Mrs. E. Sanson, Church Street.

DOVER, KENT.—Mrs. N. Page, 6, Trevanion Place.

NEWBIGGIN-BY-SEA, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. M. Scott, 29, Emerson Road.

DRIFFIELD, YORKS.—Mr. H. R. Wilson, 4, Exchange Street.

ACCIDENTS, £2 per week.

SHIPLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. F. H. Judson, 82, Owlet Rd., Windhill.

BINGLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. M. Waddington, 29, Mooredge, Low Side, Harden.

SALTASH, CORNWALL.—Mr. J. A. Durrant, "Wheatsheaf Inn."

HULL.—Mr. W. Richardson, 9, Whitworth St., Southcoates Avenue.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. Graham, 85, Alcester Rd., Moseley.

SALOP, SHROPSHIRE.—Mr. J. L. Jones, 14, Church Rd., Coalbrookdale.

FALKIRK, STIRLING.—Mrs. J. Cairns, 11, Bellevue, Rumford, Polmont.

HULL.—Mrs. B. Bretteil, 20, North Road, Gipsyville.

ROTHERHAM, YORKS. — Mrs. A. Wilson, 6, Cavendish Road, Holmes.

CARDIFF.—Miss M. M. Kernick, 19, Claude Road.

MOLD, FLINT.—Mrs. M. Faser, 78, Wrexham Street.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident "John Bull" covers you free

CUT HERE

'JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 20/9/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent. .....

.....

.....Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 20/9/30

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

HOW IS IT DONE?

"Quite up to the usual JOHN BULL standard of excellence and the Pencil is A.1—in fact, I don't know how you do it for the money." T. H. Bolton, Treve, Bowshaw Private Estate, Dronfield, Nr. Sheffield.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 3/6 Sterpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part-payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-.
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Sensational One-Bullet Offer
20
"TRUVOX" RADIO GRAMOPHONES
EACH WITH £2-00 CHEQUE TO COVER COST OF LICENCE & RECORDS
Wonderful wireless or matchless gramophone — a touch of the magic switch and out comes the entertainment of your choice! Simple to operate, amazingly faithful in reproduction and built into Oak Cabinets of handsome design, these astonishing "Truvox" instruments are the prizes of the year.
and INCREASED FIRST PRIZE
£350
2nd Prize £50
3rd Prize £25
25 PRIZES OF £1-
500 OF 2/6
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
WIRELESS OR GRAMOPHONE AT THE TOUCH OF A SWITCH

MAKE LIFE ONE LONG MELODY!

IF you look in the window of your nearest wireless shop, you may decide that a Radio Gramophone is beyond your purse. But wait—look in the *Bullets* window this week!

Appropriately coinciding with the Radio Exhibition at Olympia, this week's unique prize-list contains as many as twenty luxurious Radio Gramophones of the famous "Truvox" brand, each accompanied by a £2 cheque.

If you could only hear the marvellous clarity and volume with which these simply operated instruments reproduce either wireless programmes or gramophone records, you would make a tremendous effort to win.

And here is more music for your ears! The First Prize has been increased to £350, providing an additional incentive for you to use one of the coupons on this page.

Any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment added to one of the *Examples* on this page constitute a *Bullet*. As a specimen, suppose you choose the *Example* HIS ADDRESS, the added words As "MOVING" AS SWINDLER complete a typical *Bullet*.

Remember—Saturday, September 27, is the last day for your entry.

FIRST PRIZE OF £350, "BULLETS" NO. 772:

Mrs. E. Wilkes, 50, Belmont Road, Lye, nr. Stourbridge, Worcester.
Example:—BOY WITH AMBITION
Bullet:—SUDDENLY REALISES HE'S FORTY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. A. S. Nicol, 216, Nithsdale Road, Glasgow.
Example—Human Gramophone
Bullet—Starting "I—" Finishes Me.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. Young, 71, Sixth Street, Newtongrange, Midlothian.
Example—At The Christening
Bullet—"Bundle" That Everybody Pledges."
Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

E. W. ADAMSON, 4, East View, Burnopfield, Down In His Constituency—Visit to Avoid Change."

R. AINSWORTH, 55, Devon Street, Darwen. She Imagines—Her Ring, His "Collar."

Miss D. COOKE, 11, Adelaide Street, Gloucester.
At The Christening—Smallest Person, Greatest Personage.

T. COOMBS, 5, Westwick Gardens, Hounslow. Girl With A Smile—Passing Palace—Rumanians Anxious!

C. CRESSWELL, 8e, Walney Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
Miss Clever—Made Mistake Correcting Him.

A. GOODING, 49, Estelle Road, Hampstead. Down In His Constituency—Wife Discovered His Past.

Miss E. GREEN, 15, Pool Furlong, Clent.
Going To The Devil—"Cards" Often The "Introduction."

G. M. HADDON, 26, Somerset Way, Dor.
The Point Is—What's Punctured Prosperity's "Cycle"?

Mrs. R. HAINES, 13, Lower Level, Newtown, Moutain Ash, Glam.
Boy With Ambition—"The Boys" Altered That.

W. L. HARRIS, Elm Lea, East Street, Littlehampton.
Down In His Constituency—In Terror Of Interrogation.

Mrs. E. A. HUMPHRIES, "Sunny Bank," Chalford.
Depressing — "Buttered" Words — Bare Bread.

A. M. KENWARD, 38, Eastgate Street, Gloucester.
The Point Is—What "Poor Fish" Overlooks.

T. MERRITT, The Hardings, Bitton, Bristol.
Student Of Nature—Found Wallpaper His "Master."

O. MORRIS, Marden, Hereford.
Helping Others—Onward, Often One Word.

H. SLATER, 19, Springfield, Lr. Crumpsall.
Going To The Devil—"Stepping-stone," Woman's Heart.

W. T. STRETTON, 11, Lindsay Avenue, Northampton
To Win—Wade In—Away, Doubt!

E. J. THOMAS, 75, St. John's Park, S.E.
Seat On The Embankment—Taxpayer's Keeping Cushion For.

A. E. WALLIS, 2, Holboro Terrace, Snodland, Kent.
Beginning Modestly—Our Greyhound—"Catching" Fleas.

A. J. G. WARBURTON, 74, Edge Lane Drive, Liverpool.
Pleasant Surprise—"Lamented" Summer Only "Late."

Mrs. WHITEHOUSE, 38, Shakespeare Street, Lincoln.
Boy With Ambition—Keeping Librarian "Climbing Ladder."

A list of 30 £6, 50 £2 10s., and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.
ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"Examples" for Competition No. 776.
Britain's Trouble—Torn With Emotion—Fine Performance — Terrifying — Girl I'm Waiting For—Not The Same—Won't Answer—Accusing Finger—As He's A Celebrity—From What I've Seen—Clinching Matters—Considering His Age—Ready For A Fight—Nothing To Eat—Mountains Of Work—A Thousand A Year—Gaining—Long Way To Go—How They Finished — Left To Her — In Record Time—Nothing Daunted—Finding The Snag—Once More—Taking His Name—Lost To The World—Hard-working Chap—Saved Her Life—Obviously—In Wonderland—Bowing and Scraping—It Costs Nothing. Yet.
(Closing Saturday, October 4.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter in dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 775

MAN WITH A JOB
ANOTHER BABY
TOO GOOD TO LAST
PUZZLING
YOUNG VILLAIN
STOPPING THE RUNAWAY
IN SMOOTH WATER
AT THE LAST MINUTE
CAUSED A BUMP
WHEN THE TIDE COMES
FLOW OF LANGUAGE
REFRESHING HIS MEMORY
TEAM SPIRIT
DOES THE TRICK
A MILESTONE
IF SHE WANTS TO
ALL UP
SHIRKING
A TALL ORDER
IF SPORT WERE ABOLISHED
EVER OPEN DOOR
STAGGERS ME
HAPPY DAYS
IN A FRENZY
ROTTEN
HIS ADDRESS
BLOWN UP
BOLDLY
WHAT WE FIND
HOPES
LIKE A STATUE
MADE GRANDPA LAUGH

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 27
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(775) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 27
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(775) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 27
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(775) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Sept. 27
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(775) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

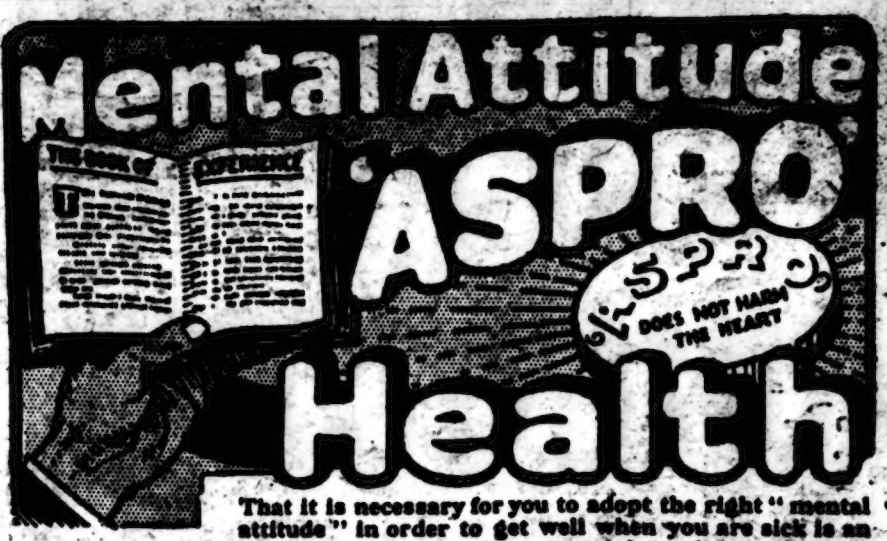
Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 775, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 771 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Gibbons, 5, Stanley Bay Lane, South Tottenham, N.

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, sending your name and address on a penny postcard. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 13, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in Competition No. 776 have purchased "John Bull."

TEN BIG PRIZES NEXT WEEK



That it is necessary for you to adopt the right "mental attitude" in order to get well when you are sick is an established fact. You must realise that your complaint, whatever it is, is only temporary—that it will yield to the right treatment. The right treatment is the treatment that will banish your pain and complaint in the shortest possible space of time without any harmful after-effects. 'ASPRO' represents that treatment. If you stop doing that which made you ill and take 'ASPRO' to make you well, the gain is double. For 'ASPRO' soothes away the most severe pain in a few minutes—it relieves rheumatism in one night—it brings sweet sleep to the sleepless—it banishes headaches like magic—it soothes the irritable—it clears up the bad effects of over-indulgence in alcohol—it soothes the nerves. Then, again, 'ASPRO' will stop a cold or 'flu attack in one night—it reduces feverish conditions in a few minutes—it can be taken by old and young—anywhere and everywhere at any time. 'ASPRO' does not cause gastric upset. It does not harm the heart. 'ASPRO' is healing service and quick action compressed in a tiny white tablet. Why not try a packet of 'ASPRO' to-day and prove these facts for yourself?

In the meantime, read the following testimony. It reflects the tests and demonstration of other users. It speaks for itself:

DOCTORS APPROVAL OF 'ASPRO' FOR RHEUMATISM

40, Bedeque St., Cromlin Rd., Belfast, Ulster.

Dear Sirs,

I suffered for 13 years from rheumatism. About 2 years ago I bought a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets and started with 6 a day. They gave me great relief. Now I take 2 tablets a day and sometimes one at night. I would not be without them for the world. Everything else failed. I told my doctor I was taking 'ASPRO.' He told me to continue them. I feel quite strong, no after-effects at all.

I think they are a splendid remedy.

Yours truly,

E. HULL (Mrs.).

HEAD PAINS GO

Bridge End, Eyton, Bishops Waltham.

Sir,

I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now.

I am, Yours respectfully,

(Mrs.) L. KING.

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bouts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children as directed. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose for children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

WORTH £'s

NERVES SOOTHED

4, Claremont Street, Edmonton, N.18.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks to 'ASPRO' which I think are worth £'s, as I have suffered with my nerves for some time and did not know what to do and what to get for the best as I had tried all sorts of things, and then I was told to try 'ASPRO' and I found they were wonderful and I shall recommend them to all I know.

MRS. DAVIS.

WHAT 'ASPRO' DOES

1. It stops violent headaches in a few minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in a few minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves malaria by reducing the fever.

3D. 'ASPRO' REG. TRADE MARK 6D. 1/3. 2/6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 50 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 1661.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

All leading Chemists and Stores including BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, BOURNE, NEEDHAMS, etc., stock and display 'ASPRO.'

Don't Wear a Truss

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember we use no salves, no harness, no lies. We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on the file in our office. Fill in the Free Coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (4683), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (4683), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of Rupture.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write plainly.

£650

Award in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 79.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following eight competitors who share the £650 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £75 will be despatched.

H. Coley, 37, Coronn Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.
Mrs. M. Glover, 305, Parr Stocks Road, St. Helens, Lancs.
Mrs. H. Lazenby, 3, Whitehaven Street, Hebburn-on-Tyne.
J. Russell, "Solgreen," Waterloo, Widnes, Nr. Manchester.
B. Sharman, Coton, Guilsborough, Northants.
Miss M. Sutherland, 7, Little King Street, Edinburgh.
Miss D. Toomson, 3, Victoria Avenue, Knaresborough.
Miss M. Wilson, 94, Junction Road, Totton, Southampton.

Solutions containing two errors each were received from 61 competitors, who share the additional £50, each being awarded £6/5, and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.

Another £650 Crossword appears on page 32.
Try Your Skill Now!

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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